

P O E M S

THE END OF THE WORLD

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CHIEFLY IN THE
SCOTTISH DIALECT,

B Y
ROBERT BURNS.

THE Simple Bard, unbroke by rules of Art,
He pours the wild effusions of the heart :
And if inspir'd, 'tis Nature's pow'rs inspire;
Her's all the melting thrill, and her's the kindling fire.

ANONYMOUS.

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P R E F A C E.

THE following trifles are not the production of the Poet, who, with all the advantages of learned art, and perhaps amid the elegancies and idlenesses of upper life, looks down for a rural theme, with an eye to Theocrites or Virgil. To the Author of this, these and other celebrated names their countrymen are, in their original languages, 'A fountain shut up, and a 'book sealed.' Unacquainted with the necessary requisites for commencing Poet by rule, he sings the sentiments and manners, he felt and saw in himself and his rustic compeers around him, in his and their native language. Though a Rhymer from his earliest years, at least from the earliest impulses of the softer passions, it was not till very lately, that the applause, perhaps the partiality, of Friendship, wakened his vanity, so far as to

make him think any thing of his was worth showing; and none of the following works were ever composed with a view to the press. To amuse himself with the little creations of his own fancy, amid the toil and fatigues of a laborious life; to transcribe the various feelings, the loves, the griefs, the hopes, the fears, in his own breast; to find some kind of counterpoise to the struggles of a world, always an alien scene, a task uncouth to the poetical mind; these were his motives for courting the Muses, and in these he found Poetry to be its own reward.

Now that he appears in the public character of an Author, he does it with fear and trembling. So dear is fame to the rhyming tribe, that even he, an obscure, nameless Bard, shrinks aghast, at the thought of being branded as 'An impertinent blockhead, obtruding his nonsense on the world; and because he can make a shift to jingle a few doggerel, Scotch rhymes together, looks upon himself as a Poet of no small consequence forsooth.'

It is an observation of that celebrated Poet,* whose divine Elegies do honor to our language,

* Shenstone.

our nation, and our species, that ' Humility has depressed many a genius to a hermit, but never raised one to fame.' If any Critic catches at the word *genius*, the Author tells him, once for all, that he certainly looks upon himself as possessor of some poetic abilities, otherwise his publishing in the manner he has done, would be a manoeuvre below the worst character, which, he hopes, his worst enemy will ever give him: but to the genius of a Ramsay, or the glorious dawns of the poor, unfortunate Ferguson, he, with equal unaffected sincerity, declares, that, even in his highest pulse of vanity, he has not the most distant pretensions. These two justly admired Scotch Poets he has often had in his eye in the following pieces; but rather with a view to kindle at their flame, than for servile imitation.

To his Subscribers, the Author returns his most sincere thanks. Not the mercenary bow over a counter, but the heart-throbbing gratitude of the Bard, conscious how much he is indebted to Benevolence and Friendship, for gratifying him, if he deserves it, in that dearest wish of every poetic bosom—to be distinguished. He begs his read-

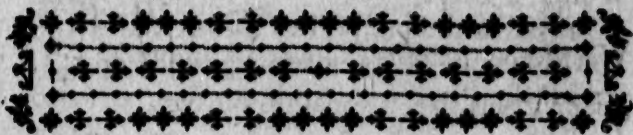
ers, particularly the Learned and the Polite, who may honor him with a perusal, that they will make every allowance for Education and Circumstances of Life: but, if after a fair, candid, and impartial criticism, he shall stand convicted of Dulness and Nonsense, let him be done by, as he would in that case do by others—let him be condemned, without mercy, to contempt and oblivion.



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T H E

T W A D O G S,

A

T A L E.

'T WAS in that place o' Scotland's isle,
That bears the name o' auld king
COIL,

Upon a bonie day in June,
When wearing thro' the afternoon,
Twa Dogs, that were na thrang at hame,
Forgather'd ance upon a time.

A

The first I'll name, they ca'd him *Casfar*,
 Was keepet for His Honor's pleasure;
 His hair, his size, his mouth, his lugs,
 Shew'd he was nane o' Scotland's dogs,
 But whalpet some place far abroad,
 Where failors gang to fish for Cod.

His locked, letter'd, braw brass-collar
 Shew'd him the *gentleman* an' *scholar*;
 But tho' he was o' high degree,
 The fient a pride na pride had he,
 But wad hae spent an hour caressan,
 Ev'n wi' a Tinkler-gipsy's *messan*:
 At Kirk or Market, Mill or Smiddie,
 Nae tawted *tyke*, tho' e'er sae duddie,
 But he wad stan't, as glad to see him,
 An' stroan't on stanes an' hillocks wi' him.

The tither was a *ploughman's collie*,
 A rhyming, ranting, raving billie,
 Wha for his friend an' comrade had him,
 And in his freaks had *Luath* ca'd him,

After some dog in * *Highland sang*,
Was made lang syne, lord knows how lang.

He was a gash, an' faithfu' *tyke*,
As ever lap a sheugh or dyke.
His honest, sonsie, bawf'nt face,
Ay gat him friends in ilka place;
His breast was white, his towzie back,
Weel clad wi' coat o' glossy black;
His gawfie tail, wi' upward curl,
Hung owre his hurdies wi' a swirl.

Nae doubt but they were fain o' ither,
An' unco pack an' thick thegither;
Wi' social nose whyles snuff'd an' snowket;
Whyles mice and modewurks they howket;
Whyles scour'd awa in lang excursion,
An' worry'd ither in diversion;
Till tir'd at last wi' mony a farce,
They set them down upon their arse,
An' there began a lang digression
About the *lords o' the creation*.

* Cuchullin's dog in Ossian's Fingal.

C Æ S A R.

I've aften wonder'd, honest *Luatb*,
 What sort o' life poor dogs like you have;
 An' when the *gentry's* life I saw,
 What way *poor bodies* liv'd ava.

Our *Laird* gets in his racked rents,
 His coals, his kane, an' a' his stents:
 He rises when he likes himsel;
 His flunkies answer at the bell;
 He ca's his coach; he ca's his horse;
 He draws a bonie, filken purse
 As lang's my tail, whare thro' the steeks,
 The yellow letter'd *Geordie* keeks.

Frae morn to een it's nought but toiling,
 At baking, roasting, frying, boiling;
 An' tho' the gentry first are steghan,
 Yet ev'n the *ba' folk* fill their peghan
 Wi' sauce, ragouts, an' sic like trashtrie,
 That's little short o' downright wastrie.
 Our *Whipper-in*, wee, blastet wonner,
 Poor, worthless elf, it eats a dinner,

Better than ony *Tenant-man*
 His Honor has in a' the lan':
 An' what poor *Cot-folk* pit their painch in,
 I own it's past my comprehension.

LUATH.

Trowth, Cæsar, whyles their fash't e-
 nough;
 A *Cotter* howkan in a sheugh,
 Wi' dirty stanes biggan a dyke,
 Bairan a quarry, an' sic like,
 Himsel, a wife, he thus sustains,
 A smytrie o' wee, duddie weans,
 An' nought but his han'-daurk, to keep
 Them right an' tight in thack an' raep.

An' when they meet wi' sair disasters,
 Like loss o' health or want o' masters,
 Ye maist wad think, a wee touch langer,
 An' they maun starve o' cauld and hunger:
 But how it comes, I never kent yet,
 They're maistly wonderfu' contented;

An' buirdly chiels, and clever hizzies,
Are bred in sic a way as this is.

C E S A R.

But then, to see how ye're negleket,
How huff'd, an' cuff'd, an' disrespek't !
L—d man, our gentry care as little
For *delvers*, *ditchers*, an' sic cattle ;
They gang as faucy by poor folk,
As I wad by a stinkan brock.

I've notic'd on our Laird's *court-day*,
An' mony a time my heart's been wae,
Poor *tenant bodies*, scant o' cash,
How they maun thole a *factor's* snash ;
He'll stamp an' threaten, curse an' swear,
He'll *apprehend* them, *poind* their gear ;
While they maun stan', wi' aspect humble,
An' hear it a', an' fear an' tremble !

I see how folk live that hae riches ;
But surely poor-folk maun be wretches !

L U A T H.

They're no fae wretched's ane wad think;
 Tho' constantly on poortith's brink,
 They're fae accustom'd wi' the fight,
 The view o't gies them little fright.

Then chance and fortune are fae guided,
 They're ay in lefs or mair provided;
 An' tho' fatigu'd wi' close employment,
 A blink o' rest 's a sweet enjoyment.

The dearest comfort o' their lives,
 Their grushie weans an' faithfu' wives;
 The *prattling things* are just their pride,
 That sweetens a' their fire side.

An' whyles twalpennie-worth o' *nappy*
 Can mak the bodies unco happy;
 They lay aside their private cares,
 To mind the Kirk and State affairs;
 They'll talk o' *patronage* an' *priests*,
 Wi' kindling fury i' their breasts,

Or tell what new taxation's comin,
An' ferlie at the folk in LON'ON.

As bleak-fac'd Hallowmase returns,
They get the jovial, rantan *Kirns*,
When *rural life*, of ev'ry station,
Unite in common recreation;
Love blinks, Wit flaps, an' social Mirth
Forgets there's *care* upo' the earth.

That *merry day* the year begins,
They bar the door on frosty win's;
The nappy reeks wi' mantling ream,
An' sheds a heart-inspiring steam;
The luntan pipe, an' sneeshin mill,
Are handed round wi' right guid will;
The cantie, auld folks, crackan crouse,
The young anes rantan thro' the house——
My heart has been fae fain to see them,
That I for joy hae barket wi' them.

Still it's owre true that ye hae said,
Sic game is now owre aften play'd;

There's monie a creditable *stock*
 O' decent, honest, fawfont folk,
 Are riven out baith root an' branch,
 Some rascal's pridefu' greed to quench,
 Wha thinks to knit himsel the faster
 In favor wi' some *gentle Master*,
 Wha aiblins thrang a *parliamentin*,
 For Britain's guid his faul indentin——

C Æ S A R.

Haith lad ye little ken about it;
For Britain's guid! guid faith! I doubt it.
 Say rather, gaun as PREMIERS lead him,
 An' saying *aye* or *no's* they bid him:
 At Operas an' Plays parading,
 Mortgaging, gambling, masquerading:
 Or maybe, in a frolic daft,
 To HAGUE or CALAIS takes a waft,
 To make a *tour* an' tak a whirl,
 To learn *bon ton* and see the worl'.

There, at VIENNA or VERSAILLES,
 He rives his father's auld entails;

Or by MADRID he takes the rout,
 To thrum *guittars* an' fecht wi' nowt;
 Or down *Italian Vissa* startles,
 Wh—re—hunting amang groves o' myrtles:
 Then bowfes drumlie *German—water*,
 To mak himsel look fair and fatter,
 An' purge the bitter ga's an' cankers,
 O' curst *Venetian* b—res an' ch—ncres.

For Britain's guid! for her destruction!
 Wi' dissipation, feud an' faction!

L U A T H.

Hech man! dear firs! is that the gate,
 They waste sae mony a braw estate!
 Are we sae foughten and haras'd
 For gear to gang that gate at last!

O would they stay aback frae courts,
 An' please themsel wi' countra sports,
 It wad for ev'ry ane be better,
 The *Laird*, the *Tenant*, an' the *Cotter*!
 For thae frank, rantan, ramblan billies,
 Fient haet o' them 's ill hearted fellows;

Except for breakin o' their timmer,
 Or speakin lightly o' their *Limmer*,
 Or shootin of a hare or moorcock,
 The ne'er-a-bit they're ill to poor folk.

But will ye tell me, master *Cæsar*,
 Sure *great folk's* life's a life o' pleasure?
 Nae could nor hunger e'er can steer them,
 The vera thought o't need na fear them.

C Æ S A R.

L—d man, were ye but whyles where I am,
 The *gentles* ye wad neer envy them!

It's true, they need na starve or sweat,
 Thro' Winter's cauld, or Summer's heat;
 They've nae fair-wark to craze their banes,
 An' fill *auld-age* wi' grips an' granes;
 But *human-bodies* are sic fools,
 For a' their colledges an' schools,
 That when nae *real* ills perplex them,
 They *mak* enow themsels to vex them;

An' ay the lefs they hae to sturt them,
In like proportion, lefs will hurt them.

A country fellow at the pleugh,
His *acre's* till'd, he's right enugh;
A country girl at her wheel,
Her *dixsen's* done, she's unco weel;
But Gentlemen, an' Ladies warft,
Wi' ev'n down *want o' wark* are curft.
They loiter, lounging, lank an' lazy;
Tho' deil-haet ails them, yet uneasy;
Their days, insipid, dull an' tasteless,
Their nights, unquiet, lang an' restless.

An' ev'n their sports, their balls an' races,
Their galloping thro' public places,
There's sic parade, sic pomp an' art,
The joy can scarcely reach the heart.

The *Men* caft out in *party-matches*,
Then fowther a' in deep debauches.
Ae night, they're mad wi' drink an' wh—ring,
Niest day their life is past enduring.

The *Ladies* arm-in-arm in clusters,
 As great an' gracious a' as sisters;
 But hear their *absent thoughts* o' ither,
 They're a run deils an' jads thegither.
 Whyles, owre the wee bit cup an' platie,
 They sip the *scandal-potion* pretty;
 Or lee-lang nights, wi' crabbet leuks,
 Pore owre the devil's *pietur'd beuks*;
 Stake on a chance a farmer's stackyard,
 An' cheat like ony *unbang'd blackguard*.

There's some exceptions, man an' woman;
 But this is Gentry's life in common.

By this, the sun was out o' fight,
 An' darker gloamin brought the night:
 The *bum-clock* humm'd wi' lazy drone,
 The kye stood rowtan i' the loan;
 When up they gat an' shook their lugs,
 Rejoic'd they were na *men* but *dogs*;
 An' each took off his several way,
 Resolv'd to meet some ither day.



SCOTCH DRINK.

*Gie him strong Drink until he wink,
 That's sinking in despair;
 An' liquor guid to fire his bluid,
 That's prest wi' grief an' care:
 There let him bowse an' deep carouse,
 Wi' bumpers flowing o'er,
 Till he forgets his loves or debts,
 An' minds his griefs no more.*

SOLOMON'S PROVERBS, xxxi. 6, 7.

LET other Poets raise a fracas
 'Bout vines, an' wines, an' drucken
Bacchus,
 An' crabbed names an' stories wrack us,
 An' grate our lug,
 I sing the juice *Scotch* bear can mak us,
 In glass or jug.

O thou, my MUSE! guid, auld SCOTCH
DRINK!

Whether thro' wimplin worms thou jink,
Or, richly brown, ream owre the brink,
In glorious faem,
Inspire me, till I *lip* an' *wink*,
To sing thy name!

Let husky Wheat the haughs adorn,
And Aits set up their awnie horn,
An' Pease an' Beans, at een or morn,
Perfume the plain,
Leeze me on thee *John Barleycorn*,
Thou king o' grain!

On thee aft Scotland chows her cood,
In souple scones, the wale o' food!
Or tumbling in the boiling flood
Wi' kail an' beef;
But when thou pours thy strong *beart's blood*,
There thou shines chief.

Food fills the wame, an' keeps us livin';
Tho' life's a gift no worth receivin,

When heavy-dragg'd wi' pine an' grievin;
But oil'd by thee,
The wheels o' life gae down-hill, scrievin,
Wi' rattlin glee.

Thou clears the head o' doited Lear;
Thou chears the heart o' drooping Care;
Thou strings the nerves o' Labor-fair,
At's weary toil;
Thou ev'n brightens dark Despair,
Wi' gloomy smile.

Aft, clad in maffy, filler weed,
Wi' Gentles thou erects thy head ;
Yet humbly kind, in time o' need,
The *poor man's* wine ;
His wee drap pirratch, or his bread,
Thou kitchens fine.

Thou art the life o' public haunts ;
But thee, what were our fairs and rants ?
Ev'n godly meetings o' the faunts,
By thee inspir'd,

When gaping they besiege the *tents*,
Are doubly fir'd.

That *merry night* we get the corn in,
O sweetly, then, thou reams the horn in!
Or reekan on a *New-year-mornin*
In cog or bicker,
An' just a wee drap *sp'ritual burn* in,
An' gusty fucker!

When Vulcan gies his bellys breath,
An' Ploughmen gather wi' their graith,
O rare! to see thee fizz an' freath
I' the lugget caup!
Then *Burnewin* comes on like Death
At ev'ry chap.

Nae mercy, then, for airn or steel;
The brawnie, banie, ploughman-chiel
Brings hard owrehip, wi' sturdy wheel,
The strong forehammier,
Till block an' studdie ring an' reel
Wi' dinfome clamour.

C

When skirlin weanies see the light,
Thou maks the goffips clatter bright,
How fumbling coofs their dearies slight,
Wae worth 'hem for't !
While healths gae round to him wha, *tight*,
Gies famous sport.

When neebors anger at a plea,
An' just as wud as wud can be,
How easy can the *barley-brie*
Cement the quarrel !
It's aye the cheapest Lawyer's fee
To taste the barrel.

Alake ! that e'er my *Muse* has reason,
To wyte her countrymen wi' treason !
But monie daily weet their weason
Wi' liquors nice,
An' hardly, in a winter season,
E'er spier her price.

Wae worth that *Brandy*, burnan trash !
Fell source o' monie a pain an' brash !

Twins monie a poor, doylt, druken haff

O' half his days ;

An' fends, beside, auld *Scotland's* cash

To her warft faes.

Ye Scots wha wish auld Scotland well,

Ye chief, to you my tale I tell,

Poor, plackless devils like *myself*,

It sets you ill,

Wi' bitter, dearthfu' *wines* to mell,

Or foreign gill.

May *Gravels* round his blather wrench,

An' *Gouts* torment him, inch by inch,

Wha twists his gruntle wi' a glunch

O' four disdain,

Out owre a glafs o' *Whisky-punch*

Wi' honest men !

O *Whisky* ! foul o' plays an' pranks !

Accept a *Bardie's* gratefu' thanks !

When wanting thee, what tuneless cranks

Are my poor Verses !

Thou comes——they rattle i' their ranks
At ither's arses!

Thee *Ferintosh!* O sadly lost!
Scotland lament frae coast to coast!
Now colic-grips, an' barkin hoast,
May kill us a';
For loyal Forbes' *Charter'd boast*
Is ta'en awa!

Thae curst horse-leeches o' th' Excise,
Wha mak the *Whisky stells* their prize!
Haud up thy han' *Deil!* ance, twice, *thrice!*
There, sieze the blinkers!
An' bake them up in brunstane pies
For poor d—n'd *Drinkers.*

Fortune, if thou'll but gie me still
Hale brecks, a scone, an' *whisky gill*,
An' rowth o' *rhyme* to rave at will,
Tak a' the rest,
An' deal't about as thy blind skill
Directs thee best.



THE AUTHOR'S EARNEST CRY
AND PRAYER, TO THE RIGHT
HONORABLE AND HONORABLE,
THE SCOTCH REPRESENTATIVES
IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Dearest of Distillation ! last and best !——

——How art thou lost !——

PARODY ON MILTON.

YE *Irish lords, ye knights an' squires,*
Wha represent our *Brughs an' Shires,*
An' dousely manage our affairs
In *Parliament,*
To you a simple Bardie's pray'rs
Are humbly sent.

Alas! my roupet *Muse* is haerle!
Your Honor's hearts wi' grief 'twad pierce,
To see her sittan on her arse

Low i' the duft,
An' scriechan out profaie verse,
An' like to brust!

Tell them wha hae the chief direction,
Scotland an' *me's* in great affliction,
E'er sin' they laid that curst restriction
On AQUAVITÆ;
An' rouse them up to strong conviction,
An' move their pity.

Stand forth and tell yon PREMIER
YOUTH,
The honest, open, naked truth:
Tell him o' mine an' Scotland's drouth,
His servants humble:
The muckle devil blaw you south,
If ye dissemble!

Does ony *great man* glunch an' gloom?
Speak out an' never fash your thumb.

Let *posts* an' *pensions* sink or swoom

Wi' them wha grant them:

If honestly they canna come,

Far better want them.

In gath'rin votes you were na slack,

Now stand as tightly by your tack:

Ne'er claw your lug, an' fidge your back,

An' hum an' haw,

But raise your arm, an' tell your crack

Before them a'.

Paint Scotland greetan owre her thrifles;

Her *mutchkin stowp* as toom's a whiffle;

An' d—mn'd Excise-men in a buffle,

Seizan a *Stell*,

Triumphant crufhan't like a muscle

Or laimpet shell.

Then on the tither hand present her,

A blackguard *Smuggler*, right behint her,

An' cheek-for-chow, a chuffie *Vintner*,

Colleaguin join,

Picking her pouch as bare as Winter,
Of a' kind coin.

Is there, that bears the name o' SCOT,
But feels his heart's bluid rising hot,
To see his poor, auld Mither's *pot*,
Thus dung in staves,
An' plunder'd o' her hindmost groat,
By gallows knaves?

Alas! I'm but a nameless wight,
Trode i' the mire out o' fight!
But could I like MONTGOMERIES fight,
Or gab like BOSWELL,
There's some *fark-necks* I wad *draw* tight,
An' *tye* some *bofe* well.

God blefs your Honors, can ye see't,
The kind, auld, cantie Carlin greet,
An' no get warmly to your feet,
An' gar them hear it,
An' tell them, wi' a patriot-heat,
Ye winna bear it?

Some o' you nicely ken the laws,
 To round the period an' pause,
 An' with rhetoric clause on clause
 To mak harangues;
 Then echo thro' Saint Stephen's wa's
 Auld Scotland's wrangs.

Dempster, a true-blue Scot I'se warran;
 Thee, aith-detesting, chaste *Kilkerran*;
 An' that glib-gabber Highland Baron,
 The Laird o' *Graham*;
 And ane, a chap that's d—mn'd auldfarran,
 Dundas his name.

Erskine, a spunkie norland billie;
 True Campbells, *Frederick* an' *Ilay*;
 An' Livistone, the bauld *Sir Willie*;
 An' monie ithers,
 Whom auld Demosthenes or Tully
 Might own for brithers.

Arouse my boys! exert your mettle,
 To get auld Scotland back her *kettle*!
 D

Or faith ! I'll wad my new pleugh-pettle,
Ye'll see't or lang,
She'll teach you, wi' a reekan whittle,
Anither fang.

This while she's been in crankous mood,
Her *loft Militia* fir'd her bluid ;
(Deil na they never mair do guid,
Play'd her that pliskie !)
An' now she's like to rin red-wud
About her *Whisky*.

An' L—d ! if ance they pit her till't,
Her tartan petticoat she'll kilt,
An' durk an' pistol at her belt,
She'll tak the streets,
An' rin her whittle to the hilt,
I' th' first she meets !

For G—d-fake, Sirs ! then speak her fair,
An' straik her cannie wi' the hair,
An' to the *muckle bouse* repair,
Wi' instant speed,

An' strive, wi' a' your Wit an' Lear,
To get remead.

Yon ill-tongu'd tinkler, *Charlie Fox*,
May taunt you wi' his jeers an' mocks;
But gie him't het, my hearty cocks!
E'en cove the cadie!

An' fend him to his dicing box,
An' sportin lady.

Tell yon guid bluid o' auld *Boconnock's*,
I'll be his debt twa mafflum bonnocks,
An' drink his health in auld * *Nanse Tinnock's*
Nine times a week,
If he some scheme, like tea an' winnocks,
Wad kindly seek.

Could he some *commutation* broach,
I'll pledge my aith in guid braid Scotch,
He need na fear their foul reproach
Nor erudition,

* A worthy old Hostess of the Author's in *Mauchline*,
where he sometimes studies Politics over a glass of guid, auld
Scotch Drink.

Yon mixtie-maxtie, queer hotch-potch,
The *Coalition*.

Auld Scotland has a raucle tongue;
She's just a devil wi' a rung;
An' if she promise auld or young
To tak their part,
Tho' by the neck she should be strung,
She'll no desert.

And now, ye chosen FIVE AND FOR-
TY,
May still your Mither's heart support ye;
Then, tho' a *Minister* grow dorty,
An' kick your place,
Ye'll snap your fingers, poor an' hearty,
Before his face.

God bless your Honors, a' your days,
Wi' sowps o' kail and brats o' claife,
In spite o' a' the thievish kaes
That haunt St. *Jamie's*!
Your humble Bardie sings an' prays
While *Rab* his name is.

P O S T S C R I P T.

Let half-starv'd slaves in warmer skies,
See future wines, rich-clust'ring, rise;
Their lot auld Scotland ne'er envies,
But blythe an' frisky,
She eyes her freeborn, martial boys,
Tak aff their Whisky.

What tho' their Phoebus kinder warms,
While Fragrance blooms an' Beauty charms!
When wretches range, in famish'd swarms,
The scented groves,
Or hounded forth, *disbonor* arms
In hungry droves.

Their *gun's* a burden on their shouther;
They downa bide the stink o' *powtber*;
Their bauldest thought's a hank'ring swither,
To stan' or rin,

Till skelp—a shot—they're aff, a' throw-
'ther,

To save their skin.

But bring a SCOTCHMAN frae his
hill,

Clap in his cheek a *Highland gill*,
Say, such is royal GEORGE'S will,
An' there's the foe,
He has nae thought but how to kill
Twa at a blow.

Nae cauld, faint-hearted doubtings tease
him;

Death comes, wi' fearless eye he sees him;
Wi' bluidy han' a welcome gies him;
An' when he fa's,
His latest draught o' breathin lea'es him
In faint huzzas.

Sages their solemn een may seek,
An' raise a philosophic reek,
An' physically causes seek,
In *clime an' season*,

But tell me *Whisky's* name in Greek,
I'll tell the reason.

SCOTLAND, my auld, respected Mither!
Tho' whyles ye moistify your leather,
Till whare ye sit, on craps o' heather,
Ye tine your dam;
FREEDOM and WHISKY gang the-
gither,
Tak aff your *dram*!





T H E
H O L Y F A I R.

*A robe of seeming truth and trust
Hid crafty observation ;
And secret bung, with poison'd crust,
The dirk of Defamation:
A mask that like the gorget show'd,
Dye-varying, on the pigeon ;
And for a mantle large and broad,
He wrapt him in Religion.*

HYPOCRISY A-LA-MODE.

I.

UPON a fimmer Sunday morn,
When Nature's face is fair,
I walked forth to view the corn,
An' snuff the callor air.

The rising sun, our GALSTON Muir,
 Wi' glorious light was glintan;
 The hares were hirplan down the furs,
 The lav'rocks they were chantan
 Fu' sweet that day.

II.

As lightfomely I glowr'd abroad,
 To see a scene fae gay,
 Three *bizzies*, early at the road,
 Cam skelpin up the way.
 Twa had manteels o' dolefu' black,
 But ane wi' lyart lining;
 The third, that gaed a wee a-back,
 Was in the fashion shining
 Fu' gay that day.

III.

The *twa* appear'd like sisters twin,
 In feature, form an' claes;
 Their visage wither'd, lang an' thin,
 An' four as ony flaes:

E

The *third* cam up, hap-step-an'-loup,
 As light as ony lambie,
 An' wi' a curchie low did stoop,
 As soon as e'er she saw me,
 Fu' kind that day.

IV.

Wi' bonnet aff, quoth I, "Sweet lass,
 " I think ye seem to ken me;
 " I'm sure I've seen that bonie face,
 " But yet I canna name ye."
 Quo' she, an' laughan as she spak,
 An' taks me by the han's,
 " Ye, for my sake, hae gien the feck
 " Of a' the *ten comman's*
 A screed some day."

V.

" My name is FUN—your cronic dear,
 " The nearest friend ye hae;
 " An' this is SUPERSTITION here,
 " An' that's HYPOCRISY."

" I'm gaun to ***** *boly fair*,

" To spend an hour in daffin :

" Gin ye'll go there, yon runkl'd pair,

" We will get famous laughin
At them this day."

VI.

Quoth I, " With a' my heart, I'll do't ;

" I'll get my funday's fark on,

" An' meet you on the holy spot ;

" Faith, we've hae fine remarkin ! "

Then I gaed hame at crowdie-time,

An' foon I made me ready ;

For roads were clad, frae fide to fide,

Wi' monie a wearie body,
In droves that day.

VII.

Here, farmers gash, in ridin graith,

Gaed hoddan by their cotters ;

There, fwankies young, in braw braid-claith,

Are springan owre the gutters.

The lasses, skelpan barefit, thrang,
 In silks an' scarlets glitter ;
 Wi' *sweet-milk cheese*, in monie a whang,
 An' *farls*, bak'd wi' butter,
 Fu' crump that day.

VIII.

When by the *plate* we set our nose,
 Weel heaped up wi' ha'pence,
 A greedy glowr *black-bonnet* throws,
 An' we maun draw our tippence.
 Then in we go to see the show,
 On ev'ry side they're gath'ran ;
 Some carryan dails, some chairs an' stools,
 An' some are busy bleth'ran
 Right loud that day.

IX.

Here stands a shed to fend the show'rs,
 An' screen our countra Gentry ;
 There, *racer Jests*, an' twathree wh—res,
 Are blinkan at the entry.

Here sits a raw o' tittlan jada,
 Wi' heaving breasts an' bare neck;
 An' there, a batch o' *Wabster lads*,
 Blackguarding frae K ***** ck
 For *fun* this day.

X.

Here, some are thinkan on their sins,
 An' some upo' their claes;
 Ane curses feet that fyl'd his shins,
 Anither fighs an' prays:
 On this hand sits an *Elect* swatch,
 Wi' screw'd-up, grace-proud faces;
 On that, a set o' chaps, at watch,
 Thrang winkan on the lasses
 To *chairs* that day.

XI.

O happy is that man, an' blest!
 Nae wonder that it pride him!
 Whase ain dear lass, that he likes best,
 Comes clinkan down beside him!

Wi' arm repos'd on the *chair-back*,
 He sweetly does compose him;
 Which, by degrees, slips round her *neck*,
 An's loof upon her *bosom*
 Unkend that day.

XII.

Now a' the congregation o'er
 Is silent expectation;
 For ***** speels the holy door,
 Wi' tidings o' f—lv—t—n.
 Should *Hornie*, as in ancient days,
 'Mang sons o' G— present him,
 The vera fight o' *****'s face,
 To's ain *bet bame* had sent him
 Wi' fright that day.

XIII.

Hear how he clears the points o' Faith
 Wi' rattlin an' thumpin!
 Now meekly calm, now wild in wrath,
 He's stampan, an' he's jumpan!

His lengthen'd chin, his turn'd up snout,
 His eldritch squeel an' gestures,
 O, how they fire the heart devout,
 Like *cantbaridian* plaisters
 On sic a day!

XIV.

But hark! the *tent* has chang'd it's voice;
 There's peace an' rest nae langer;
 For a' the *real judges* rise,
 They canna fit for anger.
 ***** opens out his cauld harangues,
 On *practice* and on *morals*;
 An' aff the *godly* pour in thrangs,
 To gie the jars an' barrels
 A lift that day.

XV.

What signifies his barren shine,
 Of *moral pow'rs* an' *reason*?
 His English style, an' gesture fine,
 Are a' clean out o' season.

Like SOCRATES or ANTONINE,
 Or some auld pagan heathen,
 The *moral man* he does define,
 But ne'er a word o' *faith* in
 That's right that day.

XVI.

In guid time comes an antidote
 Against sic poofion'd nostrum;
 For *****, frae the water-fit,
 Ascends the *holy rostrum*:
 See, up he's got the word o' G—,
 An' meek an' mim has view'd it,
 While COMMON-SENSE has taen the
 road,
 An' aff, an' up the *Cowgate*
 Fast, fast that day.

XVII.

Wee ***** nieft, the Guard relieves,
 An' Orthodoxy raibles,
 Tho' in his heart he weel believes,
 An' thinks it auld wives' fables:

But faith ! the birkie wants a *Manse*,
So, cannilie he hums them ;
Altho' his *carnal* Wit an' Sense
Like hafflins-wife o'ercomes him
At times that day.

XVIII.

Now, butt an' ben, the Change-house fills,
Wi' *yill-caup* Commentators :
Here's crying out for bakes an' gills,
An' there the pint-stowp clatters ;
While thick an' thrang, an' loud an' lang,
Wi' *Logic*, an' wi' *Scripture*,
They raise a din, that, in the end,
Is like to breed a rupture
O' wrath that day.

XIX.

Leeze me on Drink ! it gies us mair
Than either School or Colledge :
It kindles Wit, it waukens Lear,
It pangs us fou o' Knowledge.

Be't *whisky-gill* or *penny-wheep*,
 Or ony stronger potion,
 It never fails, on drinkin deep,
 To kittle up our *notion*,
 By night or day.

XX.

The lads an' lassies, blythely bent
 To mind baith *faul* an' *body*,
 Sit round the table, weel content,
 An' steer about the *toddy*.
 On this ane's dresa, an' that ane's leuk,
 They're makin observations;
 While some are cozie i' the neuk,
 An' forming *affignations*
 To meet some day.

XXI.

But now the L—'s ain trumpet touts,
 Till a' the hills are rairan,
 An' echos back return the shouts;
 Black ***** is na spairan:

His piercin words, like Highlan swards,
 Divide the joints an' marrow;
 His talk o' H—ll, whare devils dwell,
 Our vera * "Sauls does harrow"
 Wi' fright that day!

XXII.

A vast, unbottom'd, boundless *Pit*,
 Fill'd fou o' *lowan brunstane*,
 Whare raging flame, an' scorching heat,
 Wad melt the hardest whun-stane!
 The *half asleep* start up wi' fear,
 An' think they hear it roaran,
 When presently it does appear,
 'Twas but some neebor *snoran*
 Asleep that day.

XXIII.

'Twad be owre lang a tale to tell,
 How monie stories past,
 An' how they crouded to the yill,
 When they were a' dismist:

* Shakespeare's Hamlet.

How drink gaed round, in cogs an' caups,
 Among the furms an' benches;
 An' *cheese* an' *bread*, frae women's laps,
 Was dealt about in lunches,
 An' dawus that day.

XXIV.

In comes a gawfie, gash *Guidwife*,
 An' fits down by the fire,
 Syne draws her *kebbuck* an' her knife;
 The lasses they are shyer.
 The auld *Guidmen*, about the *grace*,
 Frae side to side they bother,
 Till some ane by his bonnet lays,
 An' gies them't like a *tether*,
 Fu' lang that day.

XXV.

Waefucks! for him that gets nae las,;
 Or lasses that hae naething!
 Sma' need has he to fay a grace,
 Or melvie his braw claithing!

O *Wives* be mindfu', ance yoursel,
How bonie lads ye wanted,
An' dinna, for a *kebbuck-beel*,
Let lasses be affronted
On sic a day!

XXVI.

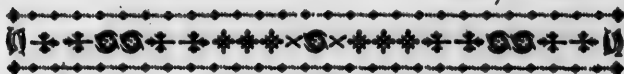
Now *Clinkumbell*, wi' rattlan tow,
Begins to jow an' croon;
Some fwagger hame, the best they dow,
Some wait the afternoon.
At flaps the billies halt a blink,
Till lasses strip their shoon:
Wi' *faith* an' *hope*, an' *love* an' *drink*,
They're a' in famous tune
For crack that day.

XXVII.

How monie hearts this day converts,
O' finners and o' Lasses!
Their hearts o' stane, gin night are gane,
As fast as ony flesh is.

There's some are fou o' *love divine*;
There's some are fou o' *brandy*;
An' monie jobs that day begin,
May end in *Houghmagandie*
Some ither day.





A D D R E S S

T O

T H E D E I L.

*O Prince, O chief of many throned pow'rs,
That led th'embattl'd Seraphim to war—*

MILTON.

O Thou, whatever title suit thee !
Auld Hornie, Satan, Nick, or Clootie,
Wha in yon cavern grim an' footie,
Clof'd under hatches,
Spairges about the brunstane cootie,
To scaud poor wretches !

Hear me, *auld Hangie*, for a wee,
An' let poor, *damned bodies* bee;
I'm sure sma' pleasure it can gie,
Ev'n to a *deil*,
To skelp an' scaud poor dogs like me,
An' hear us squeel!

Great is thy pow'r, an' great thy fame;
Far kend an' noted is thy name;
An' tho' yon *lowan beugh's* thy hame,
Thou travels far;
An' faith! thou's neither lag nor lame,
Nor blate nor scaur.

Whyles, ranging like a roaran lion,
For prey, a' holes an' corners tryin;
Whyles, on the strong-wing'd Tempest flyin,
Tirlan the *kirks*;
Whyles, in the human bosom pryin,
Unseen thou lurks.

I've heard my rev'rend *Graunie* say,
In lanely glens ye like to stray;

Or where auld, ruin'd castles, gray,
Nod to the moon,
Ye fright the nightly wand'rer's way,
Wi' eldritch croon.

When twilight did my *Graunie* summon,
To say her pray'rs, douse, honest woman !
Aft 'yont the dyke she's heard you bum-
man,

Wi' eerie drone ;
Or, rustling, thro' the boortries coman,
Wi' heavy groan.

Ae dreary, windy, winter night,
The stars shot down wi' sklentan light,
Wi' you, *mysel*, I gat a fright,
Ayont the lough ;
Ye, like a *rasb-buys*, stood in fight,
Wi' waving fugh.

The cudgel in my nieve did shake,
Each bristl'd hair stood like a stake,
When wi' an eldritch, stoor *quaick, quaick*,
Amang the springs,
G

Awa ye squatter'd like a *drake*,
On whistling wings.

Let *Warlocks* grim, an' wither'd *Hags*,
Tell how wi' you on ragweed nags,
They skim the muirs an' dizzy crags,
Wi' wicked speed;
And in kirk-yards renew their leagues,
Owre howcket dead.

Thence, countra wives, wi' toil an' pain,
May plunge an' plunge the *kirn* in vain;
For Oh! the yellow treasure's taen
By witching skill;
An' dawtet, twal-pint *Hawkie's* gane
As yell's the Bill.

Thence, mystic knots mak great abuse,
On *Young-Guidmen*, fond, keen an' croose;
When the best *wark-lume* i' the house,
By cantraip wit,
Is instant made no worth a louse,
Just at the bit.

When thoues dissolve the snawy hoord,
An' float the jinglan icy boord,
Then, *Water-kelpies* haunt the foord,
By your direction,
An' nighted Trav'lers are allu'd
To their destruction.

An' aft your moss-traverfing *Spunkies*
Decoy the wight that late an' drunk is:
The bleezan, curst, mischievous monkies
Delude his eyes,
Till in some miry slough he sunk is,
Ne'er mair to rife.

When MASONS' mystic *word* an' *grip*,
In storms an' tempests raise you up,
Some cock or cat, your rage maun stop,
Or, strange to tell!
The *youngest Brother* ye wad whip
Aff straught to H—ll.

Lang fyne in EDEN'S bonie yard,
When youthfu' lovers first were pair'd,

An' all the Soul of Love they shar'd,
The raptur'd hour,
Sweet on the fragrant, flow'ry fwaird,
In shady bow'r.

Then you, ye auld, snick-drawing dog!
Ye cam to Paradise incog,
An' play'd on man a curf'd brogue,
(Black be your fa'!)
An' gied the infant warld a shog,
'Maist ruin'd a'.

D'ye mind that day, when in a bizz,
Wi' reeket duds, an' reefet gizz,
Ye did present your smoutie phiz,
'Mang better folk,
An' sklented on the *man of Uzz*,
Your spitefu' joke?

An how ye gat him i' your thrall,
An' brak him out o' house an' hal',
While scabs an' botches did him gall,
Wi' bitter claw,

An' lowf'd his ill-tongu'd, wicked *Scawel*
 Was warft ava?

But a' your doings to rehearse,
 Your wily snares an' fechtin fierce,
 Sin' that day * MICHAEL did you pierce,
 Down to this time,
 Wad ding a *Lallan* tongue, or *Erse*,
 In Prose or Rhyme.

An' now, auld *Cloots*, I ken ye're thinkan,
 A certain *Bardie's* rantin, drinkin,
 Some luckless hour will send him linkan,
 To your black pit;
 But faith! he'll turn a corner jinkan,
 An' cheat you yet.

But fare-you-weel, auld *Nickie-ben*!
 O wad ye tak a thought an' men'!
 Ye aiblins might—I dinna ken—
 Still hae a *flake*—
 I'm wae to think upo' yon den,
 Ev'n for your sake!

* Vide Milton, Book 6th.



THE DEATH AND DYING WORDS

O F

P O O R M A I L I E,

THE AUTHOR'S ONLY PET YOWE,

AN UNCO MOURNFU' TALE.

AS MAILIE, an' her lambs thegither,
Was ae day nibbling on the tether,
Upon her cloot she coost a hitch,
An' owre she warfl'd in the ditch :
There, groaning, dying, she did ly,
When * *Hugboc* he cam doytan by.

* A neibor herd-callan.

Wi' glowrin een, an' lifted han's,
 Poor *Hugboe* like a statue stan's;
 He saw her days were near hand ended,
 But, waes my heart ! he could na mend it !
 He gaped wide, but naething spak,
 At length poor *Mailie* silence brak.

" O thou, whase lamentable face
 Appears to mourn my woefu' case !
 My *dying words* attentive hear,
 An' bear them to my *Master* dear.

Tell him, if e'er again he keep
 As muckle gear as buy a *sheep*,
 O, bid him never tye them mair,
 Wi' wicked strings o' hemp or hair !
 But ca them out to park or hill,
 An' let them wander at their will :
 So, may his flock increase an' grow
 To *scores* o' lambs, an' *packs* of woo' !

Tell him, he was a Master kin',
 An' ay was guid to me an' mine ;

An' now my *dying* charge I gae him,
My helpless *lambs*, I trust them wi' him.

O, bid him save their harmless lives,
Frae dogs an' tods, an' butchers' knives!
But gie them guid *cow-milk* their fill,
Till they be fit to fend themsel;
An' tent them duely, e'en an' morn,
Wi' tacts o' *bay* an' rippis o' *corn*.

An' may they never learn the gaets,
Of ither vile, wanrestfu' *Pets*!
To slink thro' slaps an' reave an' steal,
At stacks o' pease, or stocks o' kail.
So may they, like their great *forbears*,
For monie a year come thro' the sheers:
So *wives* will gie them bits o' bread,
An' *bairns* greet for them when they're dead.

My poor *toop-lamb*, my son an' heir,
O' bid him breed him up wi' care!
An' if he live to be a beast,
To pit some havins in his breast!

An' warn him ay at ridin time,
 To stay content wi' *yowes* at hame;
 An' no to rin an' wear his cloots,
 Like ither menfeles, gracefess brutes.

An' nieft my *yowie*, silly thing,
 Gude keep thee frae a *tetber string*!
 O, may thou ne'er forgather up,
 Wi' onie blastet, moorlan *toop*;
 But ay keep mind to moop an' mell,
 Wi' sheep o' credit like thy fel!

And now, my *bairns*, wi' my last breath,
 I lea'e my bleffin wi' you baith:
 An' when ye think upo' your Mither,
 Mind to be kind to ane anither.

Now, honest *Hughoc*, dinna fail,
 To tell my Master a' my tale;
 An' bid him burn this cursed *tetber*,
 An' for thy pains thou'fe get my blather.

This said, poor *Mailie* turn'd her head,
 An' clof'd her een amang the dead!

H

POOR MAILIE'S ELEGY.

LAMENT in rhyme, lament in prose,
Wi' faut tears trickling down your nose;
Our *Bardie's* fate is at a clofe,
 Past a' remead !
The last, sad cape-ftane of his woes;
 Poor Mailie's dead !

It's no the los o' warl's gear,
That could fae bitter draw the tear,
Or make our *Bardie*, dowie, wear
 The mourning weed :
He's loft a friend and neebor dear,
 In *Mailie* dead.

Thro' a' the town she trotted by him;
A lang half-mile she could descr; him;
Wi' kindly bleat, when she did spy him,
 She ran wi' speed :
A friend mair faithfu' ne'er came nigh him,
 Than *Mailie* dead.

I wat she was a *sheep* o' sense,
An' could behave hersel wi' mense:
I'll say't, she never brak a fence,
Thro' thievish greed.
Our *Bardie*, lanely, keeps the spence
Sin' *Mailie's* dead.

Or, if he wanders up the howe,
Her living image in *her yowe*,
Comes bleating till him, owre the knowe,
For bits o' bread;
An' down the briny pearls rowe
For *Mailie* dead.

She was nae get o' moorlan tips,
Wi' tauted ket, an' hairy hips;
For her forbears were brought in ships,
Frae'yont the **TWEED**:
A bonier *fleesh* ne'er cross'd the clips
Than *Mailie's* dead.

Wae worth that man wha first did shape,
That vile, wanchancie thing—a *raep*!

It maks guid fellows girn an' gape,
Wi' chokin dread;
An' *Robin's* bonnet wave wi' crape
For *Mailie* dead.

O, a' ye *Bards* on bonie DOON!
An' wha on AIRE your chanter's tune!
Come, join the melancholious croon
O' *Robin's* reed!
His heart will never get aboon!
His *Mailie's* dead!





T O J. S * * * *

*Friendship, mysterious cement of the soul !
Sweet'ner of Life, and folder of Society !
I owe thee much——*

BLAIR.

DEAR S****, the sleest, pawkie thief,
That e'er attempted stealth or rief,
Ye surely hae some warlock-breef
Owre human hearts ;
For ne'er a bosom yet was prief
Against your arts.

For me, I swear by sun an' moon,
And ev'ry star that blinks aboon,
Ye've cost me twenty pair o' shoon
Just gaun to fee you ;

And ev'ry ither pair that's done,
Mair taen I'm wi' you.

That auld, capricious carlin, *Nature*,
To mak amends for scrimpet stature,
She's turn'd you off, a human-creature
On her *first* plan,
And in her freaks, on ev'ry feature,
She's wrote, *the Man*.

Just now I've taen the fit o' rhyme,
My barmie noddle's working prime,
My fancy yerket up sublime
Wi' hasty summon:
Hae ye a leisure-moment's time
To hear what's comin'?

Some rhyme a neebor's name to lash;
Some rhyme, (vain thought!) for needfu'
cash;
Some rhyme to court the countra clash,
An' raise a din;
For me, an *aim* I never fash;
I rhyme for *fun*.

The star that rules my luckless lot,
Has fated me the russet coat,
An' damn'd my fortune to the groat ;
But, in requit,
Has blest me with a *random-shot*
O' countra wit.

This while my notion's taen a sklent,
To try my fate in guid, black *prent* ;
But still the mair I'm that way bent,
Something cries, "Hoolie !
" I red you, honest man, tak tent !
Ye'll shaw your folly.

" There's ither Poets, much your betters,
" Far seen in *Greek*, deep men o' *letters*,
" Hae thought they had ensur'd their debtors,
" A' future ages ;
" Now moths deform in shapeless tatters,
" Their unknown pages."

Then farewell hopes of Laurel-boughs,
To garland my poetic brows !

Henceforth, I'll rove where busy ploughs
• Are whistling thrang,
An' teach the lanely heights an' howes
 My rustic sang.

I'll wander on with tentless heed,
How never-halting moments speed,
Till fate shall snap the brittle thread;
 Then, all unknown,
I'll lay me with th' *inglorious dead*,
 Forgot and gone!

But why, o' Death, begin a tale?
Just now we're living sound an' hale;
Then top and maintop croud the fail,
 Heave *Care* o'er-side!
And large, before Enjoyment's gale,
 Let's tak the tide.

This life, sae far's I understand,
Is a' enchanted fairy-land,
Where Pleasure is the Magic-wand,
 That, wielded right,

Maks Hours like Minutes, hand in hand,
Dance by fu' light.

The *magic-wand* then let us wield ;
For, ance that five an' forty's speel'd,
See, crazy, weary, joyless Eild,
Wi' wrinkl'd face,
Comes hostan, hirplan owre the field,
Wi' creeping pace.

When ance *life's day* draws near the
gloamin,
Then fareweel vacant, careless roamin ;
An' fareweel chearfu' tankards foamin,
An' social noise ;
An' fareweel dear, deluding woman,
The joy of joys !

O *Life* ! how pleasant in thy morning,
Young Fancy's rays the hills adorning !
Cold-pausing Caution's lesson scorning,
We frisk away,
I

Like school-boys, at th' expected warning,
To joy and play.

We wander there, we wander here,
We eye the *rose* upon the brier,
Unmindful that the *thorn* is near,
Among the leaves;
And tho' the puny wound appear,
Short while it grieves.

Some, lucky, find a flow'ry spot,
For which they never toil'd nor swat;
They drink the *sweet* and eat the *fat*,
But care or pain;
And hap'ly, eye the barren hut,
With high disdain.

With steady aim, Some Fortune chase;
Keen hope does ev'ry finew brace;
Thro' fair, thro' foul, they urge the race,
And sieze the prey:
Then canie, in some cozie place,
They close the *day*.

And others, like your humble fervan',
Poor wights! nae rules nor roads observin';
To right or left, eternal fwervin,
 They zig-zag on;
Till curst with Age, obscure an' starvin,
 They aften groan.

Alas! what bitter toil an' straining—
But truce with peevish, poor complaining!
Is Fortune's fickle *Luna* waning?
 E'en let her gang!
Beneath what light she has remaining,
 Let's sing our Sang.

My pen I here f'ing to the door,
And kneel, 'Ye *Pow'rs*, and warm implore,
' Tho' I should wander *Terra* o'er,
 ' In all her climes,
' Grant me but this, I ask no more,
 ' Ay rowth o' rhymes.

' Gie dreeping roasts to *countra Lairds*,
' Till icicles hing frae their beards;

‘ Gie fine braw claes to fine *Life-guards*,
‘ And *Maids of Honor* ;
‘ And yill an’ whisky gie to *Cairds*,
‘ Until they sconnner.

‘ A *Title*, DEMPSTER merits it ;
‘ A *Garter* gie to WILLIE PIT ;
‘ Gie Wealth to some be-ledger’d Cit,
‘ In cent per cent ;
‘ But give me real, sterling Wit,
‘ And I’m content.

‘ While ye are pleaf’d to keep me hale,
‘ I’ll fit down o’er my scanty meal,
‘ Be’t *water-brose*, or *muslin-kail*,
‘ Wi’ chearfu’ face,
‘ As lang’s the Muses dinna fail
‘ To fay the grace.’

An anxious e’e I never throws
Behint my lug, or by my nose ;
I jouk beneath Misfortune’s blows
As weel’s I may ;

Sworn foe to *sorrow*, *care*, and *prose*,
I rhyme away.

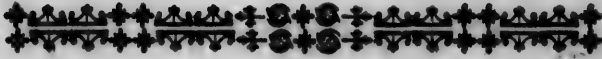
O ye, douse folk, that live by rule,
Grave, tideless-blooded, calm and cool,
Compar'd wi' you—O fool! fool! fool!
How much unlike!
Your hearts are just a standing pool,
Your lives, a dyke!

Nae hare-brain'd, sentimental traces,
In your unletter'd, nameless faces!
In *arioso* trills and graces
Ye never stray,
But *gravissimo*, solemn baffes
Ye hum away.

Ye are sae *grave*, nae doubt ye're *wise*;
Nae ferly tho' ye do despise
The hairum-scairum, ram-stam boys,
The rambling squad:
I see ye upward cast your eyes—
—Ye ken the road—

Whilst I—but I shall haud me there—
 Wi' you I'll scarce gang *ony where*—
 Then *Jamie*, I shall say nae mair,
 But quat my sang,
 Content *with* YOU to mak a *pair*,
 Whare'er I gang.





A D R E A M.

*Thoughts, words and deeds, the Statute blames
with reason ;
But surely Dreams were ne'er indicted Treason.*

ON READING, IN THE PUBLIC PAPERS, THE
LAUREATE'S ODE, WITH THE OTHER PARADE
OF JUNE 4th, 1786, THE AUTHOR WAS NO SOON-
ER DROPT ASLEEP, THAN HE IMAGINED HIM-
SELF TRANSPORTED TO THE BIRTH-DAY LE-
VEE; AND, IN HIS DREAMING FANCY, MADE
THE FOLLOWING ADDRESS.

I. *Address to the King*

GUID-MORNIN to your MAJESTY !
May heaven augment your blisses,
On ev'ry new *Birth-day* ye see,
A humble Bardie wishes !

My Bardship' here, at your Levee,
On sic a day as this is,
Is sure an uncouth sight to see,
Amang thae Birth-day dresles
Sae fine this day.

II.

I see ye're complimented thrang,
By many a *lord* an' *lady* ;
“ God save the King” ’s a cuckoo fang
That's unco eafy said ay :
The *Poets* too, a venal gang,
Wi' rhymes weel-turn'd an' ready,
Wad gar you trow ye ne'er do wrang,
But ay unerring steady,
On sic a day.

III.

For me ! before a Monarch's face,
Ev'n *there* I winna flatter ;
For neither Pension, Post, nor Place,
Am I your humble debtor :

So, nae reflection on YOUR GRACE,
 Your Kingship to bespatter ;
 There's monie *waur* been o' the Race,
 And aiblins *ane* been better
 Than You this day.

IV.

'Tis very true, my sovereign King,
 My skill may weel be doubted ;
 But *Facts* are cheels that winna ding,
 An' downa be disputed :
 Your *royal nest*, beneath *Your* wing,
 Is e'en right reft an' clouted,
 And now the third part o' the string,
 An' lefs, will gang about it
 Than did ae day.

V.

Far be't frae me that I aspire
 To blame your Legislation,
 Or say, ye wisdom want, or fire,
 To rule this mighty nation ;

But faith! I muckle doubt, my SIRE,
 Ye've trusted *Ministratation,
 To chaps, wha, in a *barn* or *byre*,
 Wad better fill'd their station
 Than *courts* yon day.

VI.

And now Ye've gien auld *Britain* peace,
 Her broken shins to plaister;
 Your fair taxation does her fleece,
 Till she has scarce a tester:
 For me, thank God, my life's a *lease*,
 Nae *bargain* wearing faster,
 Or faith! I fear, that, wi' the geese,
 I shortly boost to pasture
 I' the craft some day.

VII.

I'm no mistrusting *Willie Pit*,
 When taxes he enlarges,
 (An' *Will's* a true guid fallow's get,
 A Name not Envy spairges)
 That he intends to pay your *debt*,
 An' lessen a' your *charges*;

But, G—d-fake ! let nae *saving-fit*
Abridge your bonie *Barges*
An' *Boats* this day.

VIII.

Adieu, my LIEGE ! may Freedom geck
Beneath your high protection ;
An' may Ye rax Corruption's neck,
And gie her for dissection !
But since I'm here, I'll no neglect,
In loyal, true affection,
To pay your QUEEN, with due respect,
My fealty an' subjection
This great Birth-day.

IX.

Hail, *Majesty most Excellent !*
While Nobles strive to please Ye,
Will Ye accept a Compliment,
A simple Bardie gies Ye ?
Thae bonie Bairntime, Heav'n has lent,
Still higher may they heeze Ye

In blifs, till Fate some day is sent,
For ever to releafe Ye
Frae Care that day.

X.

For you, young Potentate o' W—,
I tell your *Highbness* fairly,
Down Pleasure's stream, wi' swelling fails,
I'm tauld ye're driving rarely ;
But some day ye may gnaw your nails,
An' curse your folly fairly,
That e'er ye brak Diana's *pales*,
Or rattl'd dice wi' *Charlie*
By night or day.

XI.

Yet aft a ragged *Cowte's* been known,
To mak a noble *Aiver* ;
So, ye may dousely fill a Throne,
For a' their clish-ma-claver :
There, Him at *Agincourt* wha shone,
Few better were or braver ;

And yet, wi' funny, queer *Sir* * *John*,
He was an unco shaver
For monie a day.

XII.

For you, right rev'rend O——,
Nane sets the *lawn-sleeve* sweeter,
Altho' a ribban at your lug
Wad been a drefs compleater :
As ye difown yon paughty dog,
That *bears* the Keys of Peter,
Then fwith ! an' get a *wife* to hug,
Or trouth ! ye'll stain the *Mitre*
Some luckless day.

XIII.

Young, royal TARRY-BREEKS, I learn,
Ye've lately come athwart her ;
A glorious † *Galley*, stem and stern,
Weel rigg'd for *Venus barter* ;
But first hang out that she'll discern
Your *hymeneal Charter*,

* Sir John Falstaff, Vide Shakespeare.

† Alluding to the Newspaper account of a certain royal
Sailor's Amour.

Then heave aboard your *grapple airn*,
 An', large upon her *quarter*,
 Come full that day.

XIV.

Ye lastly, bonie blossoms a',
 Ye *royal Lasses* dainty,
 Heav'n mak you guid as weel as braw,
 An' gie you *lads* a plenty :
 But sneer na *British-boys* awa ;
 For King's are unco scant ay,
 An' German-Gentles are but *sma'*,
 They're better just than *want ay*
 On onie day.

XV.

God blefs you a' ! confider now,
 Ye're unco muckle dautet ;
 But ere the *course* o' life be through,
 It may be bitter fautet :
 An' I hae seen their *coggie* fou,
 That yet hae tarrow't at it,
 But or the *day* was done, I trow,
 The laggen they hae clautet
 Fu' clean that day.



THE VISION.

DUAN FIRST.*

THE fun had clof'd the *winter-day*,
The Curlers quat their roaring play,
And hunger'd Maukin taen her way
To kail-yards green,
While faithless snaws ilk step betray
Where she has been.

The Threfher's weary *flingin-tree*,
The lee-lang day had tir'd me;

* Duan, a term of Ossian's for the different divisions of a digressive Poem. See his Cath-Loda, Vol. 2. of M^rPherson's Translation.

And when the Day had clof'd his e'e,
Far i' the West,
Ben i' the *Spence*, right pensivelie,
I gaed to rest.

There, lanely, by the ingle-cheek,
I fat and ey'd the spewing reek,
That fill'd, wi' hoast-provoking smeek,
The auld, clay biggin ;
And heard the restless rattons squeak
About the riggin.

All in this mottie, misty clime,
I backward mus'd on wasted time,
How I had spent my *youthfu' prime*,
An' done nae-thing,
But stringing blethers up in rhyme
For fools to sing.

Had I to guid advice but harket,
I might, by this, hae led a market,
Or strutted in a Bank and clarket
My *Cash-Account* ;

While here, half-mad, half-fed, half-farket,
Is a' th' amount.

I started, mutt'ring blockhead ! coof !
And heav'd on high my wauket loof,
To swear by a' yon starry roof,
Or some rash aith,
That I, henceforth, would be *rhyme-proof*
Till my last breath—

When click ! the *string* the *snick* did draw ;
And jee ! the door gaed to the wa' ;
And by my ingle-lowe I saw,
Now bleezan bright,
A tight, outlandish *Hizzie*, braw,
Come full in fight.

Ye need na doubt, I held my whisht ;
The infant aith, half-form'd, was crusht ;
I glowr'd as eerie's I'd been dusht,
In some wild glen ;
When sweet, like *modest Worth*, she blusht,
And stepped ben.

L

Green, slender, leaf-clad *Holly-boughs*
Were twisted, gracefu', round her brows,
I took her for some SCOTTISH MUSE,
By that same token ;
And come to stop those reckless vows,
Would soon been broken.

A "hare-brain'd, sentimental trace"
Was strongly marked in her face ;
A wildly-witty, rustic grace
Shone full upon her ;
Her *eye*, ev'n turn'd on empty space,
Beam'd keen with *Honor*.

Down flow'd her robe, a *tartan* sheen,
Till half a leg was scrimply seen ;
And such a *leg* ! my BESS, I ween,
Could only peer it ;
Sae fraught, sae taper, tight and clean,
Nane else came near it.

Her *Mantle* large, of greenish hue,
My gazing wonder chiefly drew ;

Deep *lights* and *shades*, bold-mingling, threw
A lustre grand ;
And seem'd, to my astonish'd view,
A *well-known* Land.

Here, rivers in the sea were lost ;
There, mountains to the skies were tost :
Here, tumbling billows mark'd the coast,
With surging foam ;
There, distant shone, *Art's* lofty boast,
The lordly dome.

Here, DOON pour'd down his far-fetch'd
floods ;
There, well-fed IRWINE stately thuds :
Auld, hermit AIRE staw thro' his woods,
On to the shore ;
And many a lesser torrent scuds,
With seeming roar.

Low, in a sandy valley spread,
An ancient BOROUGH rear'd her head ;
Still, as in *Scottish Story* read,

She boasts a *Race*,



1.8
2.0
2.2
2.5
2.8
3.2
3.6
4.0

10
0.1

To ev'ry nobler virtue bred,
 And polish'd grace.

D U A N S E C O N D.

With musing-deep, astonish'd stare,
 I view'd the heavenly-seeming *Fair* ;
 A whisp'ring *throb* did witness bear
 Of kindred sweet,
 When with an elder Sister's air
 She did me greet.

‘ All hail ! *my own* inspired Bard !
 ‘ In me thy native Muse regard !
 ‘ Nor longer mourn thy fate is hard,
 ‘ Thus poorly low !
 ‘ I come to give thee such *reward*,
 ‘ As *we* bestow.

‘ Know, the great *Genius* of this Land,
 ‘ Has many a light, aerial band,
 ‘ Who, all beneath his high command,
 ‘ Harmoniously,

‘ As *Arts* or *Arms* they understand,
‘ Their labors ply.

‘ They SCOTIA’S Race among them
share ;

‘ Some fire the *Sodger* on to dare ;

‘ Some rouse the *Patriot* up to bare

‘ Corruption’s heart :

‘ Some teach the *Bard*, a darling care,

‘ The tuneful Art.

‘ ’Mong swelling floods of reeking gore,

‘ They ardent, kindling spirits pour ;

‘ Or, mid the venal Senate’s roar,

‘ They, sightless, stand,

‘ To mend the honest *Patriot-love*,

‘ And grace the hand.

‘ Hence, FULLARTON, the brave and
young ;

‘ Hence, DEMPSTER’S truth-prevailing
tongue ;

‘ Hence, sweet harmonious BEATTIE sung

‘ His “Minstrel lays ;”

‘ Or tore, with noble ardour stung,
‘ The *Sceptic’s* bays.

‘ To lower Orders are assign’d,
‘ The humbler ranks of Human-kind,
‘ The rustic Bard, the lab’ring Hind,
‘ The Artisan;
‘ All chuse, as, various they’re inclin’d,
‘ The various man.

‘ When yellow waves the heavy grain,
‘ The threat’ning *Storm*, some, strongly, rein;
‘ Some teach to meliorate the plain,
‘ With *tillage-skill*;
‘ And some instruct the Shepherd-train,
‘ Blythe o’er the hill.

‘ Some hint the Lover’s harmless wile;
‘ Some grace the Maiden’s artless smile;
‘ Some soothe the Lab’rer’s weary toil,
‘ For humble gains,
‘ And make his *cottage-scenes* beguile
‘ His cares and pains.

‘ Some, bounded to a district-space,
‘ Explore at large Man’s *infant race*,
‘ To mark the embryotic trace,
 ‘ Of *rustic Bard*;
‘ And careful note each op’ning grace,
 ‘ A guide and guard.

‘ *Of these am I—COILA* my name;
‘ And this district as mine I claim,
‘ Where once the *Campbell’s*, chiefs of fame,
 ‘ Held ruling pow’r:
‘ I mark’d thy embryo-tuneful flame,
 ‘ Thy natal hour.

‘ With future hope, I oft would gaze,
‘ Fond, on thy little, early ways,
‘ Thy rudely-caroll’d, chiming phrase,
 ‘ In uncouth rhymes,
‘ Fir’d at the simple, artless lays
 ‘ Of other times.

‘ I saw thee seek the sounding shore,
‘ Delighted with the dashing roar ;

‘ Or when the *North* his fleecy store
‘ Drove thro’ the sky,
‘ I saw grim Nature’s visage hoar,
‘ Struck thy young eye.

‘ Or when the deep-green-mantl’d Earth,
‘ Warm-cherish’d ev’ry floweret’s birth,
‘ And joy and music pouring forth,
‘ In ev’ry grove,
‘ I saw thee eye the gen’ral mirth
‘ With boundless love.

‘ When ripen’d fields, and azure skies,
‘ Call’d forth the *Reaper’s* rustling noise,
‘ I saw thee leave their ev’ning joys,
‘ And lonely stalk,
‘ To vent thy bosom’s swelling rise,
‘ In pensive walk.

‘ When *youthful Love*, warm-blushing,
‘ Strong,
‘ Keen-shivering shot thy nerves along,

‘ Those accents, grateful to thy tongue,
 ‘ Th’ adored *Name*,
‘ I taught thee how to pour in song,
 ‘ To soothe thy flame.

 ‘ I saw thy pulse’s maddening play,
‘ Wild-send thee Pleasure’s devious way,
‘ Missed by Fancy’s *meteor-ray*,
 ‘ By Passion driven;
‘ But yet the *light* that led astray,
 ‘ Was *light* from Heaven.

 ‘ I taught thy manners-painting strains,
‘ The *loves*, the *ways* of simple swains,
Till now, o’er all my wide domains,
 ‘ Thy fame extends;
‘ And some, the pride of *Coila’s* plains,
 ‘ Become thy friends.

 ‘ Thou canst not learn, nor I can show,
‘ To paint with *Thomson’s* landscape-glow;
‘ Or wake the bosom-melting throe,
 ‘ With *Shenstone’s* art;
M

‘ Or pour, with *Gray*, the moving flow,
‘ Warm on the heart.

‘ Yet all beneath th’unrivall’d Rose,
‘ The lowly Daisy sweetly blows;
‘ Tho’ large the forest’s Monarch throws
‘ His army shade,
‘ Yet green the juicy Hawthorn grows,
‘ Adown the glade.

‘ Then never murmur nor repine;
‘ Strive in thy *humile sphere* to shine;
‘ And trust me, not *Potosi’s mine*,
‘ Nor *Kings regard*,
‘ Can give a bliss o’ermatching thine,
‘ A *rustic Bard*.

‘ To give my counsels all in one,
‘ Thy *tuneful flame* still careful fan;
‘ Preserve *the dignity of Man*,
‘ With Soul erect;
‘ And trust, the UNIVERSAL PLAN
‘ Will all protect.

' *And wear thou this*'—She solemn said,
And bound the *Holly* round my head:
The polish'd leaves, and berries red,
Did rustling play;
And, like a passing thought, she fled,
In light away.



THE following POEM will, by many Readers, be well enough understood; but, for the sake of those who are unacquainted with the manners and traditions of the country where the scene is cast, Notes are added, to give some account of the principal Charms and Spells of that Night, so big with Prophecy to the Peasantry in the West of Scotland. The passion of prying into Futurity makes a striking part of the history of Human-nature, in its rude state, in all ages and nations; and it may be some entertainment to a philosophic mind, if any such should honor the Author with a perusal, to see the remains of it, among the more unenlightened in our own.



HALLOWEEN. *

*Yes ! let the Rich deride, the Proud disdain,
The simple pleasures of the lowly train ;
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art.*

GOLDSMITH.

I.

UPON that *night*, when Fairies light,
On *Cassilis Downans* † dance,
Or owre the lays, in splendid blaze,
On sprightly couriers prancè ;

* Is thought to be a night when Witches, Devils, and other mischief-making beings, are all abroad on their baneful, midnight errands : particularly, those aerial people, the Fairies, are said, on that night, to hold a grand Anniversary.

† Certain little, romantic, rocky, green hills, in the neighbourhood of the ancient seat of the Earls of Cassilis.

Or for *Colean*, the rout is taen,
 Beneath the moon's pale beams;
 There, up the *Cove*, * to stray an' rove,
 Among the rocks an' streams
 To sport that night.

II.

Among the bonie, winding banks,
 Where *Doon* rins, wimplin, clear,
 Where BRUCE † ance rul'd the martial
 ranks,
 An' shook his *Carrick* spear,
 Some merry, friendly, countra folks,
 Together did convene,
 To *burn* their nits, an' *pou* their stocks,
 An' haud their *Halloween*
 Fu' blythe that night.

* A noted cavern near *Colean-house*, called the *Cove* of *Colean*; which, as well as *Cassilis Downans*, is famed, in country story, for being a favourite haunt of Fairies.

† The famous family of that name, the ancestors of ROBERT the great Deliverer of his country, were Earls of *Carrick*.

III.

The lasses feat, an' cleanly neat,
 Mair braw than when they're fine;
 Their faces blythe, fu' sweetly kythe,
 Hearts leal, an' warm, an' kin':
 The lads sae trig, wi' wooer-babs,
 Weel knotted on their garten,
 Some unco blate, an' some wi' gabs,
 Gar lasses hearts gang startin
 Whyles fast at night.

IV.

Then, first an' foremost, thro' the kail,
 Their *Stocks* * maun a' be fought ance;

* The first ceremony of Halloween, is, pulling each a *Stock*, or plant of kail. They must go out, hand in hand, with eyes shut, and pull the first they meet with: its being big or little, straight or crooked, is prophetic of the size and shape of the grand object of all their Spells—the husband or wife. If any *yird*, or earth, stick to the root, that is *tocher*, or fortune; and the taste of the *cystoc*, that is, the heart of the stem, is indicative of the natural temper and disposition. Lastly, the stems, or to give them their ordinary appellation, the *runts*, are placed somewhere above the head of the door; and the christen names of the people whom chance brings into the house, are, according to the priority of placing the *runts*, the names in question.

They steek their een, an' grape an' wale,
 For muckle anes, an' straught anes.
 Poor hav'rel *Will* fell aff the drift,
 An' wander'd thro' the *Bow-kail*,
 An' pow't, for want o' better shift,
 A *runt* was like a fow-tail
 Sae bow't that night.

V.

Then, straught or crooked, yird or nane,
 They roar an' cry a' throw'ther;
 The vera *wee-things*, toddlan, rin,
 Wi' stocks out owre their shouther:
 An' gif the *custock's* sweet or sour,
 Wi' joctelegs they taste them;
 Syne coziely, aboon the door,
 Wi' cannie care, they've plac'd them
 To lye that night.

VI.

The lasses staw frae 'mang them a',
 To pou' their *stalks o' corn*; *

* They go to the barn-yard, and pull each, at three several

But *Rab* slips out, an' jinks about,
Behint the muckle thorn :
He grippet *Nelly* hard an' fast ;
Loud skirl'd a' the lasses ;
But her *tap-pickle* maist was lost,
When kiutlan in the *Fause-bouse* *
Wi' him that night.

VII.

The auld Guidwife's weel-hoordet *nits* †
Are round an' round divided,
An' monie lads an' lasses fates
Are there that night decided :
N

times, a stalk of Oats. If the third stalk wants the *top-pickle*, that is, the grain at the top of the stalk, the party in question will want the Maidenhead.

* When the corn is in a doubtful state, by being too green, or wet, the Stack-builder, by means of old timber, &c. makes a large apartment in his stack, with an opening in the side which is fairest exposed to the wind : this he calls a *Fause-bouse*.

† Burning the nuts is a favourite charm. They name the lad and lass to each particular nut, as they lay them in the fire ; and according as they burn quietly together, or start from beside one another, the course and issue of the Courtship will be.

Some kindle, couthie, side by side,
 An' *burn* thegither trimly ;
 Some start awa, wi' saucy pride,
 An' jump out owre the chimlie
 Fu' high that night.

VIII.

Jean slips in twa, wi' tentie e'e ;
 Wha 'twas, she wadna tell ;
 But this is *Fock*, an' this is *me*,
 She says in to hersel :
 He bleez'd owre her, an' she owre him,
 As they wad never mair part,
 Till fuff ! he started up the lum,
 An' *Jean* had e'en a fair heart
 To see't that night.

IX.

Poor Willie, wi' his *baw-kail runt*,
 Was *brunt* wi' primsie *Mallie* ;
 An' *Mary*, nae doubt, took the drunt,
 To be compar'd to *Willie* :

Mall's nit lap out, wi' pridefu' fling,
An' her ain fit, it brunt it;
While *Willie* lap, an' swoor by *jing*,
'Twas just the way he wanted
To be that night.

X.

Nell had the *Fausc-bouse* in her min',
She pits herfel an' *Rob* in;
In loving bleeze they sweetly join,
Till white in ase they're sobbin:
Nell's heart was dancin at the view;
She whisper'd *Rob* to leuk for't:
Rob, stownlins, pri'd her bonie mou,
Fu' cozie in the neuk for't,
Unseen that night.

XI.

But *Merran* fat behint their backs,
Her thoughts on *Andrew Bell*;
She lea'es them gashan at their cracks,
An' slips out by herfel:

She thro' the yard the nearest tak,
 An' for the *kiln* she goes then,
 An' darklins grapet for the *bauks*,
 And in the *blue-clue* * throws then,
 Right fear't that night.

XII.

An' ay she *win't*, an' ay she *fwat*,
 I wat she made nae *jaukin*;
 Till something *beld* within the *pat*,
 Guid L—d! but she was *quaukin*!
 But whether 'twas the *Deil* himsel,
 Or whether 'twas a *bauk-en*,
 Or whether it was *Andrew Bell*,
 She did na wait on talkin
 To spier that night.

XIII.

Wee *Fenny* to her Graunie says,
 ' Will ye go wi' me Graunie?

* Whoever would, with success, try this spell must strictly observe these directions. Steal out, all alone, to the *kiln*, and, darkling, throw into the *pot*, a clew of blue yarn: wind it in a new clew off the old one; and towards the latter end, some-

' I'll *eat the apple* * at the *glajs*,

' I gat frae uncle Johnie:'

She fuff't her pipe wi' sic a lunt,

In wrath she was fae vap'rin,

She notic't na, an aizle brunt

Her braw, new, worset apron

Out thro' that night.

XIV.

' Ye little Skelpie-limmer's-face !

' I daur you try sic sportin,

' As seek the *foul Thief* onie place,

' For him to spae your fortune :

' Nae doubt but ye may get a *figbt* !

' Great cause ye hae to fear it ;

' For monie a ane has gotten a fright,

' An' liv'd an' di'd deleeret,

' On sic a night.

thing will hold the thread : demand, *wha hauds ?* i. e. who holds ? and answer will be returned from the *kiin-pot*, by naming the christian and surname of your future Spouse.

* Take a candle, and go, alone, to a looking glafs : eat an apple before it, and some traditions say you should comb your hair all the time : the face of your conjugal companion, *to be*, will be seen in the glafs, as if peeping over your shoulder.

XV.

‘ Ae Hairst afore the *Sberra-moor*,
‘ I mind’t as weel’s yestreen,
‘ I was a gilpey then, I’m sure,
‘ I was na past fyfteen :
‘ The Simmer had been cauld an’ wat,
‘ An’ *Stuff* was unco green ;
‘ An’ ay a rantan *Kirn* we gat,
‘ An’ just on *Halloween*
‘ It fell that night.

XVI.

‘ Our *Stibble-rig* was *Rab M’Graen*,
‘ A clever, sturdy fallow ;
‘ His Sin gat *Eppie Sim* wi’ wean,
‘ That liv’d in Achmacalla :
‘ He gat *hemp-feed*, * I mind it weel,
‘ An’ he made unco light o’t ;

* Steal out, unperceived, and sow a handful of hemp seed ; harrowing it with any thing you can conveniently draw after you. Repeat, now and then, ‘ Hemp seed I saw thee, Hemp feed I saw thee ; and him (or her) that is to be my true-love, ‘ come after me and pou thee.’ Look over your left shoulder, and you will see the appearance of the person invoked, in the

' But monie a day was *by himsel*,
' He was fae fairly frightened
' That vera night.'

XVII.

Then up gat fechtan *Jamie Fleck*,
An' he swoor by his conscience,
That he could *saw hemp-seed* a peck ;
For it was a' but nonsense :
The auld guidman raught down the pock,
An' out a handfu' gied him ;
Syne bad him slip frae 'mang the folk,
Sometime when nae ane see'd him,
An' try't that night.

XVIII.

He marches thro' amang the stacks,
Tho' he was something sturtan ;
The *graip* he for a *barrow* tak,
An' hauls at his curpan :

attitude of pulling hemp. Some traditions say, 'come after
' me and shaw thee,' that is, show thyself; in which case it
simply appears. Others omit the harrowing, and say, 'come
' after me and harrow thee.'

And ev'ry now an' then, he says,
 ' Hemp-seed I saw thee,
' An' her that is to be my las,
 ' Come after me an' draw thee
 ' As fast this night.'

XIX.

He whistl'd up *lord Lenox' march*,
 To keep his courage cheary ;
Altho' his hair began to arch,
 He was sae fley'd an' eerie :
Till presently he hears a squeak,
 An' then a grane an' gruntle ;
He by his showther gae a keek,
 An' tumbl'd wi' a wintle
 Out owre that night.

XX.

He roar'd a horrid murder-shout,
 In dreadfu' desperation !
An' young an' auld come rinnan out,
 An' hear the sad narration :

He swoor 'twas hilchan *Jean M'Craw*,
 Or crouchie *Merran Humphie*,
 Till stop! she trotted thro' them a';
 An' wha was it but *Grumphy*
 Asteer that night?

XXI.

Meg fain wad to the *Barn* gaen,
 To winn three wechts o' naetbing; *
 But for to meet the Deil her lane,
 She pat but little faith in:
 She gies the Herd a pickle nits,
 An' twa red cheeket apples,
 To watch, while for the *Barn* she fets,
 In hopes to see *Tam Kipples*
 That vera night.
 O

* This charm must likewise be performed, unperceived and alone. You go to the *barn*, and open both doors; taking them off the hinges, if possible; for there is danger, that the Being, about to appear, may shut the doors, and do you some mischief. Then take that instrument used in winnowing the corn, which, in our country-dialect, we call a *wecht*; and go thro' all the attitudes of letting down corn against the wind. Repeat it three times; and the third time, an apparition will pass thro' the barn, in at the windy door, and out at the other, having both the figure in question and the appearance or retinue, marking the employment or station in life.

XXII.

She turns the key, wi' cannie thraw,
 An' owre the threshold ventures;
 But first on *Sawnie* gies a ca',
 Syne bauldly in she enters:
 A *rattin* rattl'd up the wa',
 An' she cry'd, L—d preserve her!
 An' ran thro' midden-hole an' a',
 An' pray'd wi' zeal and fervour,
 Fu' fast that night.

XXIII.

They hoy't out Will, wi' fair advice;
 They hecht him some fine braw ane;
 It chanc'd the *Stack* he *faddom't thrice*,*
 Was timmer-propt for thrawin:
 He taks a swirlie, auld *moss-oak*,
 For some black, groufome *Carlin*;

* Take an opportunity of going, unnoticed, to a *Bear-stack*, and fathom it three times round. The last fathom of the last time, you will catch in your arms, the appearance of your future conjugal yoke-fellow.

An' loot a winze, an' drew a stroke,
 Till skin in blypes cam haurlin
 Aff's nieves that night.

XXIV.

A wanton widow *Leezie* was,
 As cantie as a kittlen;
 But Och ! that night, amang the shaws,
 She gat a fearfu' fettlin !
 She thro' the whins, an' by the cairn,
 An' owre the hill gaed scrievin,
 Whare *three Lairds' lan's met at a burn*, *
 To dip her *left fark-sleeve* in,
 Was bent that night.

XXV.

Whyles owre a linn the burnie plays,
 As thro' the glen it wimpl't;
 O 2

* You go out, one or more, for this is a social spell, to a south-running spring or rivulet, where 'three Lairds' lands 'meet,' and dip your left shirt-sleeve. Go to bed in sight of a fire, and hang your wet sleeve before it to dry. Ly awake; and sometime near midnight, an apparition, having the exact figure of the grand object in question, will come and turn the sleeve, as if to dry the other side of it.

Whyles round a rocky scar it strays;
 Whyles in a wiel it dimpl't;
 Whyles glitter'd to the nightly rays,
 Wi' bickerin, dancin dazzle;
 Whyles cooket underneath the braes,
 Below the spreading hazle
 Unseen that night.

XXVI.

Amang the brachens, on the brae,
 Between her an' the moon,
 The Deil, or else an outler Quey,
 Gat up an' gae a croon:
 Poor *Leezie's* heart maist lap the hool;
 Near lav'rock-height she jumpet,
 But mist a fit, an' in the *pool*,
 Out owre the lugs she plumpet,
 Wi' a plunge that night.

XXVII.

In order, on the clean hearth-stane,
 The *Luggies* * thrice are ranged;

* Take three dishes; put clean water in one, foul water in

And ev'ry time great care is taen,
 To see them duely changed :
 Auld, uncle *John*, wha *wedlock's joys*,
 Sin' *Mar's-year* did desire,
 Because he gat the toom dish thrice,
 He heav'd them on the fire,
 In wrath that night.

XXVIII.

Wi' merry sangs, an' friendly cracks,
 I wat they did na weary ;
 And unco tales, an' funnie jokes,
 Their sports were cheap an' cheary :
 Till *butter'd So'ns*, * wi' fragrant lunt,
 Set a' their gabs a steerin ;
 Syne, wi' a social glafs o' strunt,
 They parted aff careerin
 Fu' blythe that night.

another, and leave the third empty : blindfold a person, and lead him to the hearth where the dishes are ranged ; he (or she) dips the left hand : if by chance in the clean water, the future husband or wife will come to the bar of Matrimony, a Maid ; if in the foul, a widow ; if in the empty dish, it foretells, with equal certainty, no marriage at all. It is repeated three times ; and every time the arrangement of the dishes is altered.

* Sowens, with butter instead of milk to them, is always the *Halloween Supper*.



THE AULD FARMER'S NEW-YEAR-
MORNING SALUTATION TO HIS
AULD MARE, MAGGIE, ON GIV-
ING HER THE ACCUSTOMED RIPP
OF CORN TO HANSEL IN THE NEW-
YEAR.

A *Guid New-year* I wish you Maggie!
Hae, there's a ripp to thy auld baggie:
Tho' thou's howe-bucket, now, an' knaggie,
I've seen the day,
Thou could hae gaen like ony staggie
Out owre the lay.

Tho' now thou's dowie, stiff an' crazy,
An' thy auld hide as white's a daifie,

I've seen thee dappl't, sleek an' glaizie, .

A bonie gray :

He should been tight that daur't to *raise* thee,

Ance in a day.

Thou ance was i' the foremost rank,

A *filly* buirdly, steeve an' swank,

An' fet weel down a shapely shank,

As e'er tread yird ;

An' could hae flown out owre a flank,

Like onie bird.

It's now some nine-an'-twenty-year,

Sin' thou was my *Guidfather's Meere*;

He gied me thee, o' tocher clear,

An' fifty mark ;

Tho' it was sma', 'twas *weel-won* gear,

An' thou was stark.

When first I gaed to woo my *Jenny*,

Ye then was trottan wi' your Minnie :

Tho' ye was trickie, flee an' funnie,

Ye ne'er was donsie ;

But hamely, tawie, quiet an' cannie,
An' unco sonfie.

That *day*, ye pranc'd wi' muckle pride,
When ye bure hame my bonie *Bride* :
An' sweet an' gracefu' she did ride
Wi' maiden air !

KYLE-STEWART I could bragged wide,
For sic a *pair*.

Tho' now ye dow but hoyte and hoble,
An' wintle like a faumont-coble,
That day, ye was a jinker noble,
For heels an' win' !
An' ran them till they a' did wauble,
Far, far behin' !

When thou an' I were young an' skiegh,
An' *Stable-meals* at Fairs were driegh,
How thou wad prance, an' snore, an' scriegh,
An' tak the road !
Towns-bodies ran, an' stood abiegh,
An' ca't thee mad.

When thou was corn't, an' I was mellow,
We took the road ay like a Swallow :
At *Brooses* thou had ne'er a fellow,
For pith an' speed ;
But ev'ry tail thou pay't them hollow,
Whare'er thou gaed.

The sma', droot-rumpl't, hunter cattle,
Might aiblins waur't thee for a brattle ;
But *sax Scotch mile*, thou try't their mettle,
An' gart them whaizle :
Nae whip nor spur, but just a wattle
O' faugh or hazle.

Thou was a noble *Fittie-lan'*,
As e'er in tug or tow was drawn !
Aft thee an' I, in aught hours gaun,
On guid March-weather,
Hae turn'd *sax rood* beside our han',
For days thegither.

Thou never braing't, an' fetch't, an' flisket,
But thy *auld tail* thou wad hae whisket,

An' spread abreed thy weel-fill'd *brisket*,
Wi' pith an' pow'r,
Till sprittie knowes wad rair't an' risket,
An' slypet owre.

When frosts lay lang, an' snaws were deep,
An' threaten'd *labor* back to keep,
I gied thy *cog* a wee-bit heap
Aboon the timmer;
I ken'd my *Maggie* wad na sleep
For that, or Simmer.

In *cart* or *car* thou never reefstet ;
The steyst brae thou wad hae fac't it ;
Thou never lap, an' sten't, an' breastet,
Then stood to blaw ;
But just thy step a wee thing hastet,
Thou snoov't awa.

My Plough is now thy *bairn-time* a' ;
Four gallant brutes, as e'er did draw ;
Forby fax mae, I've fell't awa,
That thou hast nurst :

They drew me thretteen pund an' twa,
The vera warft.

Monie a fair daurk we twa hae wrought,
An' wi' the weary warl' fought!
An' monie an' *anxious day*, I thought
We wad be beat!
Yet here to *crazy Age* we're brought,
Wi' something yet.

An' think na, my auld, trusty *Servan'*,
That now perhaps thou's less deservin',
An' thy *auld days* may end in starvin',
For my last fow,
A heapet *Stimpart*, I'll reserve ane
Laid by for you.

We've worn to crazy years thegither;
We'll toyte about wi' ane anither;
Wi' tentie care I'll flit thy tether,
To some hain'd rig,
Whare ye may nobly rax your leather,
Wi' sma' fatigue.



T H E

COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

INSCRIBED TO R. A****, Esq;

*Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure ;
Nor Grandeur bear, with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the Poor.*

GRAY.

I.

MY lov'd, my honor'd, much respected
friend,

No mercenary Bard his homage pays ;
With honest pride, I scorn each selfish end,
My dearest meed, a friend's esteem and
praise :

To you I sing, in simple Scottish lays,
 The *lowly train* in life's sequester'd scene;
 The native feelings strong, the guileless ways,
 What A**** in a *Cottage* would have been;
 Ah! tho' his worth unknown, far happier
 there I ween!

II.

November chill blows loud wi' angry fugh;
 The short'ning winter-day is near a close;
 The miry beasts retreating frae the pleugh;
 The black'ning trains o' craws to their
 repose:
 The toil-worn COTTER frae his labor goes,
This night his weekly moil is at an end,
 Collects his *spades*, his *mattocks* and his *boes*,
 Hoping the *morn* in ease and rest to spend,
 And weary, o'er the moor, his course does
 hameward bend.

III.

At length his lonely *Cot* appears in view,
 Beneath the shelter of an aged tree;

The expectant *wee-things*, toddlan, stacher
through

To meet their *Dad*, wi' flichterin noise
and glee.

His wee-bit ingle, blinkan bonilie,

His clean hearth-stane, his thrifty *Wife's*
smile,

The *lipping infant*, prattling on his knee,

Does a' his weary *kiaugh* and care beguile,
And makes him quite forget his labor and
his toll.

VI.

Belyve, the *elder bairns* come drapping in,

At *Service* out, among the Farmers roun';
Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some tentie
rin

A cannie errand to a neebor town:

Their eldest hope, their *Fenny*, woman-grown,

In youthfu' bloom, Love sparkling in her
e'e,

Comes hame, perhaps, to shew a braw new
gown,

Or deposite her fair-won penny-fee,
To help her *Parents* dear, if they in hard-
ship be.

V.

With joy unfeign'd, *brothers* and *sisters* meet,
And each for other's weelfare kindly spiers:
The social hours, swift-wing'd, unnotic'd
fleet;

Each tells the uncoss that he sees or hears.
The *Parents* partial eye their hopeful years;
Anticipation forward points the view;
The *Mother*, wi' her needle and her sheers,
Gars auld claes look amaisht as weel's the
new;
The *Father* mixes a' wi' admonition due.

VI.

Their Master's and their Mistress's command,
The *youngkers* a' are warned to obey;
And mind their labors wi' an eydent hand,
And ne'er, tho' out o' sight, to jauk or play:

‘ And O! be sure to fear the LORD al-
way !

‘ And mind your *duty*, duely, morn and
night !

‘ Left in temptation’s path ye gang astray,
‘ Implore his *counsel* and assisting *might*:

‘ They never fought in vain that fought the
LORD aright.’

VII.

But hark ! a rap comes gently to the door ;
 Jenny, wha kens the meaning o’ the same,
Tells how a neebor lad came o’er the moor,
 To do some errands, and convoy her hame.
The wily Mother sees the *conscious flame*
 Sparkle in *Jenny’s* e’e, and flush her cheek,
With heart-struck, anxious care enquires
 his name,

While *Jenny* hafflins is afraid to speak ;
Weel-pleas’d the Mother hears, it’s nae wild,
 worthless *Rake*.

VIII.

With kindly welcome, *Jenny* brings him ben ;

A *strappan youth* ; he takes the Mother's eye ;

Blythe *Jenny* sees the *visit's* no ill taen ;

The Father cracks of horses, pleughs
and kye.

The *Youngster's* artless heart o'erflows wi' joy,

But blate and laithfu', scarce can weel
behave ;

The Mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy

What makes the *youth* sae bashfu' and
sae grave ;

Weel-pleas'd to think her *bairn's* respected
like the lave.

IX.

O happy love ! where love like this is found !

O heart-felt raptures ! bliss beyond com-
pare !

I've paced much this weary, *mortal round*,

And sage EXPERIENCE bids me this
declare—

Q

- ‘ If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure
spare,
‘ One *cordial* in this melancholy *Vale*,
‘ ’Tis when a youthful, loving, *modest* Pair,
‘ In other’s arms, breathe out the tender
tale,
‘ Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents
the ev’ning gale.’

X.

Is there, in human form, that bears a heart—
A Wretch ! a Villain ! lost to love and truth !
That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring art,
Betray sweet Jenny’s unsuspecting youth ?
Curse on his perjur’d arts ! dissembling
smooth !
Are *Honor, Virtue, Conscience*, all exil’d ?
Is there no Pity, no relenting Ruth,
Points to the Parents fondling o’er their
Child ?
Then paints the *ruin’d Maid*, and *their* dis-
traction wild !

XI.

But now the Supper crowns their simple
board,

The' healsome *Porritch*, chief of SCO-
TIA'S food:

The soupe their *only Hawkie* does afford,
That 'yont the hallan snugly chows her
cood:

The *Dame* brings forth, in complimental
mood,

To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd keb-
buck, fell,

And aft he's prest, and aft he ca's it guid;

The frugal *Wife*, garrulous, will tell,
How 'twas a towmond auld, sin' Lint was
i' the bell.

XII.

The chearfu' Supper done, wi' ferious face,

They, round the ingle, form a circle wide;

The Sire turns o'er, with patriarchal grace,

The big *ba'-Bible*, ance his *Father's* pride:

His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,
 His *lyart bassets* wearing thin and bare;
 Those strains that once did sweet in ZION
 glide,
 He wales a portion with judicious care;
 ' *And let us worship GOD!* ' he says with
 solemn air.

XIII.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise!
 They tune their *hearts*, by far the noblest
 aim:
 Perhaps *Dundee's* wild warbling measure's rise,
 Or plaintive *Martyrs*, worthy of the name;
 Or noble *Elgin* beets the heaven-ward flame,
 The sweetest far of SCOTIA'S holy lays:
 Compar'd with these, *Italian trills* are tame;
 The tickl'd ears no heart-felt raptures raise;
 Nae unison hae they, with our CREA-
 TOR'S praise.

XIV.

The priest-like Father reads the sacred page,
 How *Abram* was the Friend of GOD
 on high ;
 Or, *Moses* bade eternal warfare wage,
 With *Amalek's* ungracious progeny ;
 Or how the *royal Bard* did groaning lye,
 Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging
 ire ;
 Or *Job's* pathetic plaint, and wailing cry ;
 Or rapt *Isaiab's* wild, seraphic fire ;
 Or other *Holy Seers* that tune the *sacred lyre*.

XV.

Perhaps the *Christian Volume* is the theme,
 How *guiltless blood* for *guilty man* was shed ;
 How HE who bore in heaven the second
 name,
 Had not on Earth whereon to lay His head :
 How His first *followers* and *servants* sped ;
 The *Precepts sage* they wrote to many a
 land :

How *he*, who lone in *Patmos* banished,
Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand;
And heard great *Bablon's* doom pronounc'd
by Heaven's command.

XVI.

Then kneeling down to HEAVEN'S E-
TERNAL KING,

The *Saint*, the *Father*, and the *Husband*
prays:

Hope 'springs exulting on triumphant
wing,' *

That *thus* they all shall meet in future days:
There, ever bask in *uncreated rays*,

No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,
Together hymning their CREATOR'S praise,
In *such society*, yet still more dear;

While circling Time moves round in an e-
ternal sphere.

XVII.

Compar'd with *this*, how poor Religion's pride,
In all the pomp of *method*, and of *art*,

* Pope's Windfor Forest.

When men display to congregations wide,
 Devotion's ev'ry grace, except the *heart* !
 The POWER, incens'd, the Pageant will
 desert,

The pompous strain, the sacredotal stole;
 But haply, in some *Cottage* far apart,
 May hear, well pleas'd, the language of
 the *Soul*;

And in His *Book of Life* the Inmates poor
 enroll.

XVIII.

Then homeward all take off their sev'ral
 way;

The youngling *Cottagers* retire to rest:
 The Parent-pair their *secret homage* pay,
 And proffer up to Heaven the warm re-
 quest,

That HE who fills the *raven's* clam'rous
 nest,

And decks the *lily* fair in flow'ry pride,

Would, in the way *His Wisdom* sees the best,
 For *them* and for their *little ones* provide;
 But chiefly, in their hearts with *Grace di-*
vine preside.

XIX.

From scenes like these, old SCOTIA'S
 grandeur springs,
 That makes her lov'd at home, rever'd a-
 broad:
 Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
 ' An honest man's the noble work of GOD:'
 And *certes*, in fair Virtue's heavenly road,
 The *Cottage* leaves the *Palace* far behind;
 What is a lordling's pomp? a cumbrous load,
 Disguising oft the *wretch* of human kind,
 Studied in arts of Hell, in wickedness refin'd!

XX.

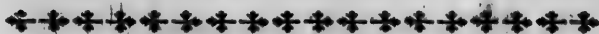
O SCOTIA! my dear, my native foil!
 For whom my warmest wish to heaven
 is sent!

Long may thy hardy sons of *ruffic toil*,
 Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet
 content!
 And O may Heaven their simple lives prevent
 From *Luxury's* contagion, weak and vile!
 Then howe'er *crowns* and *coronets* be rent,
 A *virtuous Populace* may rise the while,
 And stand a wall of fire around their much-
 lov'd ISLE.

XXI.

O THOU! who pour'd the *patriotic tide*,
 That stream'd thro' great, unhappy WAL-
 LACE' heart;
 Who dar'd to, nobly, stem tyrannic pride,
 Or *nobly die*, the second glorious part:
 (The Patriot's GOD, peculiarly thou art,
 His *friend, inspirer, guardian and reward!*)
 O never, never SCOTIA'S realm desert,
 But still the *Patriot*, and the *Patriot-Bard*,
 In bright succession raise, her *Ornament* and
Guard!

R



T O

A M O U S E,

*On turning her up in her Nest, with the Plough,
November, 1785.*

WEE, sleeket, cowerin, tim'rous *beastie*,
O, what a panic's in thy breastie!
Thou need na start awa *fae* hasty,
Wi' bickering brattle!
I wad be laith to rin *an'* chafe thee,
Wi' murd'ring *pattle*!

I'm truly sorry Man's dominion
Has broken Nature's social union,
An' justifies that ill opinion,
Which makes thee startle,

At me, thy poor, earth-born companion,
An' fellow-mortal!

I doubt na, whyles, but thou may *thieve*;
What then? poor beastie, thou maun live!
A *daimen-icker* in a *thraive*

'S a sma' request:
I'll get a bleffin wi' the lave,
An' never mis's't!

Thy wee-bit *houfie*, too, in ruin!
It's filly wa's the win's are strewin!
An' naething, now, to big a new ane,
O' foggage green!
An' bleak *December's winds* ensuin,
Baith snell an' keen!

Thou saw the fields laid bare an' wast,
An' weary *Winter* comin fast,
An' cozie here, beneath the blast,
Thou thought to dwell,
Till crash! the cruel *coulter* past
Out thro' thy cell.

That wee-bit heap o' leaves an' stibble,
Has cost thee monie a weary nibble!
Now thou's turn'd out, for a' thy trouble,
But house or hald,
To thole the Winter's *fleety dribble*,
An' *cranreuch* could!

But Moufie, thou art no thy-lane,
In proving *foresight* may be vain:
The best laid schemes o' *Mice* an' *Men*,
Gang aft agley,
An' lea'e us nought but grief an' pain,
For promis'd joy!

Still, thou art blest, compar'd wi' *me*!
The *present* only toucheth thee:
But Och! I *backward* cast my e'e,
On prospects drear!
An' *forward*, tho' I canna *see*,
I *guess* an' *fear*!





EPISTLE TO DAVIE,

A

BROTHER POET.

January—

I.

WHILE winds frae off BEN-LO-
MOND blaw,

And bar the doors wi' driving snaw,

And hing us owre the ingle,

I set me down, to pass the time,

And spin a verse or twa o' rhyme,

In hamely, *weftlin* jingle.

While frosty winds blaw in the drift,
 Ben to the chimla lug,
 I grudge a wee the *Great-folk's* gift,
 That live *fae bien* an' snug:
 I tent less, and want less
 Their roomy fire-side;
 But hanker, and canker,
 To see their cursed pride.

II.

It's hardly in a body's pow'r,
 To keep, at times, frae being four,
 To see how things are shar'd;
 How *best o' chiefs* are whyles in want,
 While *Coofs* on countless thousands rant,
 And ken na how to wair't:
 But DAVIE lad, ne'er fash your head,
 Tho' we hae little gear,
 We're fit to win our daily bread,
 As lang's we're hale and fier:
 ' Mair spier na, nor fear na,' *
 Auld age ne'er mind a feg;

* Ramfay.

The last o't, the warst o't,
Is only but to beg.

III.

To lye in kilns and barns at e'en,
When banes are craz'd, and bluid is thin,
Is, doubtless, great distress!
Yet then *content* could make us blest;
E'en then, sometimes we'd snatch a taste
Of truest happiness.
The honest heart that's free frae a'
Intended fraud or guile,
However Fortune kick the ba',
Has ay some cause to smile:
And mind still, you'll find still,
A comfort this nae sma';
Nae mair then, we'll care then,
Nae *farther* we can fa'.

IV.

What tho', like Commoners of air,
We wander out, we know not where,
But either house or hal'?

Yet *Nature's* charms, the hills and woods,
The sweeping vales, and foaming floods,
Are free alike to all.

In days when Daisies deck the ground,
And Blackbirds whistle clear,
With honest joy, our hearts will bound,
To see the *coming* year :

On braes when we please then,
We'll fit and *fowth* a tune ;
Syne *rhyme* till't, well time till't,
And sing't when we hae done.

V.

It's no in titles nor in rank ;
It's no in wealth like *Lon'on Bank*,
To purchase peace and rest ;
It's no in makin muckle, *mair* :
It's no in books ; it's no in Lear,
To make us truly blest :
If Happiness hae not her seat
And center in the breast,
We may be *wife*, or *rich*, or *great*,
But never can be *blest* :

Nae treasures, nor pleasures
Could make us happy lang;
The *heart* ay's the part ay,
That makes us right or wrang.

VI.

Think ye, that sic as *you* and *I*,
Wha drudge and drive thro' wet and dry,
Wi' never-ceasing toil;
Think ye, are we less blest than they,
Wha scarcely tent us in their way,
As hardly worth their while?
Alas! how aft, in haughty mood,
GOD'S creatures they oppress!
Or else, neglecting a' that's guid,
They riot in excess!
Baith careless, and fearless,
Of either Heaven or Hell;
Esteeming, and deeming,
It a' an idle tale!

S

VII.

Then let us chearfu' acquiesce;
 Nor make our scanty Pleasures less,
 By pining at our state:
 And, ev'n should Misfortunes come,
 I, here wha sit, hae met wi' some,
 An's thankfu' for them yet.
 They gie the wit of *Age* to *Youth*;
 They let us ken oursel;
 They make us see the naked truth,
 The *real* guid and ill.
 Tho' losses, and crosses,
 Be lessons right severe,
 There's *wit* there, ye'll get there,
 Ye'll find nae other where.

VIII.

But tent me, DAVIE, *Ace o' Hearts*!
 (To say aught less wad wrang the *cartes*,
 And flatt'ry I detest)
 This life has joys for you and I;
 And joys that riches ne'er could buy;
 And joys the very best.

There's a' the *Pleasures o' the Heart*,
The *Lover* and the *Frien'*;
Ye hae your MEG, your dearest part,
And I my darling JEAN!

It warms me, it charms me,
To mention but her *name* :
It heats me, it beets me,
And sets me a' on flame!

IX.

O, all ye *Pow'rs* who rule above!
O THOU, whose very self art *love*!
THOU know'st my words sincere!
The *life blood* streaming thro' my heart,
Or my more dear *Immortal part*,
Is not more fondly dear!
When heart-corroding care and grief
Deprive my soul of rest,
Her dear idea brings relief,
And solace to my breast.
Thou BEING, Allseeing,
O hear my fervent pray'r!

Still take her, and make her,
THY most peculiar care!

X.

All hail! ye tender feelings dear!
The smile of love, the friendly tear,
The sympathetic glow!
Long since, this world's thorny ways
Had number'd out my weary days,
Had it not been for you!
Fate still has blest me with a friend,
In ev'ry care and ill;
And oft a more *endearing* band,
A *tye* more tender still.
It lightens, it brightens,
The tenebrific scene,
To meet with, and greet with,
My DAVIE or my JEAN!

XI.

O, how that *name* inspires my style!
The words come skelpan, rank and file,
Amaist before I ken!

The ready measure rins as fine,
 As *Phæbus* and the famous *Nine*

Were glowran owre my pen.
 My spavet *Pegasus* will limp,
 Till ance he's fairly het;
 And then he'll hilch, and stilt, and jimp,
 And rin an unco fit:

But least then, the beast then,
 Should rue this hasty ride,
 't light now, and dight now,
 His sweaty, wizen'd hide.





THE
L A M E N T.

OCCASIONED BY THE UNFORTUNATE ISSUE

OF

A FRIEND'S AMOUR.

*Alas ! how oft does goodness wound itself !
And sweet Affection prove the spring of Woe !*

HOME.

I.

O Thou pale Orb, that silent shines,
While care-untroubled mortals sleep !
Thou seest a *wretch*, who inly pines,
And wanders here to wail and weep !

With Woe I nightly vigils keep,
 Beneath thy wan, unwarming beam;
And mourn, in lamentation deep,
 How *life* and *love* are all a dream!

II.

I joyless view thy rays adorn,
 The faintly-marked, distant hill:
I joyless view thy trembling horn,
 Reflected in the gurgling rill.
My fondly-fluttering heart, be still!
 Thou busy pow'r, Remembrance, cease!
Ah! must the agonizing thrill,
 For ever bar returning Peace!

III.

No idly-feign'd, poetic pains,
 My sad, lovelorn lamentings claim:
No shepherd's pipe—Arcadian strains;
 No fabled tortures, quaint and tame.
The *plighted faith*; the *mutual flame*;
 The *oft-attested Powers above*;

The *promis'd* Father's tender name;
These were the pledges of my love!

IV.

Encircled in her clasping arms,
How have the raptur'd moments flown!
How have I wish'd for Fortune's charms,
For her dear sake, and her's alone!
And, must I think it! is she gone,
My secret-heart's exulting boast?
And does she heedless hear my groan?
And is she ever, ever lost?

V.

Oh! can she bear so base a heart,
So lost to Honor, lost to Truth,
As from the *fondest* lover part,
The *plighted* husband of her youth?
Alas! Life's path may be unsmooth!
Her way may lie thro' rough distress!
Then, who her pangs and pains will soothe,
Her sorrows share and make them less?

VI.

Ye winged Hours that o'er us past,
 Enraptur'd more, the more enjoy'd,
 Your dear remembrance in my breast,
 My fondly-treasur'd thoughts employ'd.
 That breast, how dreary now, and void,
 For her too scanty once of room !
 Ev'n ev'ry *ray* of *Hope* destroy'd,
 And not a *Wish* to gild the gloom !

VII.

The morn that warns th'approaching day,
 Awakes me up to toil and woe :
 I see the hours, in long array,
 That I must suffer, lingering, flow.
 Full many a pang, and many a throe,
 Keen Recollection's direful train,
 Must wring my soul, ere Phœbus, low,
 Shall kiss the distant, western main.

VIII.

And when my nightly couch I try,
 Sore-harass'd out, with care and grief,

My toil-beat nerves, and tear-worn eye,
 Keep watchings with the nightly thief:
 Or if I slumber, Fancy, chief,
 Reigns, hagard-wild, in fore afright:
 Ev'n day, all-bitter, brings relief,
 From such a horror-breathing night.

IX.

O! thou bright Queen, who, o'er th'expanse,
 Now highest reign'st, with boundless
 sway!
 Oft has thy silent-marking glance
 Observ'd us, fondly-wand'ring, stray!
 The time, unheeded, sped away,
 While Love's *luxurious pulse* beat high,
 Beneath thy silver-gleaming ray,
 To mark the mutual-kindling eye.

X.

Oh! scenes in strong remembrance set!
 Scenes, never, never to return!

Scenes, if in stupor I forget,
Again I feel, again I burn!
From ev'ry joy and pleasure torn,
Life's weary vale I'll wander thro';
And hopeless, comfortless, I'll mourn
A faithless woman's broken vow.





DESPONDENCY,

A N O D E.

I.

OPPRESS'D with grief, oppress'd with
care,

A burden more than I can bear,

I fet me down and sigh :

O Life! Thou art a galling load,

Along a rough, a weary road,

To wretches such as I!

Dim-backward as I cast my view,

What sick'ning Scenes appear!

What Sorrows *yet* may pierce me thro',
 Too justly I may fear !
 Still caring, despairing,
 Must be my bitter doom ;
 My woes here, shall close ne'er,
 But with the *closing* tomb !

II.

Happy ! ye sons of Busy-life,
 Who, equal to the bustling strife,
 No other view regard !
 Ev'n when the wished *end's* deny'd,
 Yet while the busy *means* are ply'd,
 They bring their own reward :
 Whilst I, a hope-abandon'd wight,
 Unfitted with an *aim*,
 Meet ev'ry sad-returning night,
 And joyless morn the same.
 You, bustling and justling,
 Forget each grief and pain ;
 I, listless, yet restless,
 Find ev'ry prospect vain.

III.

How blest the Solitary's lot,
 Who, all-forgetting, all-forgot,
 Within his humble cell,
 The cavern wild with tangling roots,
 Sits o'er his newly-gather'd fruits,
 Beside his crystal well !
 Or haply, to his ev'ning thought,
 By unfrequented stream,
 The *ways of men* are distant brought,
 A faint-collected dream :
 While praising, and raising
 His thoughts to Heaven on high,
 As wand'ring, meand'ring,
 He views the solemn sky.

IV.

Than I, no *lonely Hermit* plac'd
 Where never human footstep trac'd,
 Less fit to play the part,
 The *lucky moment* to improve,
 And *just* to stop, and *just* to move,
 With *self-respecting* art :

But ah! those pleasures, Loves and Joys,
 Which I too keenly taste,
 The *Solitary* can despise,
 Can want, and yet be blest!
 He needs not, he heeds not,
 Or human love or hate;
 Whilst I here, must cry here,
 At perfidy ingrate!

V.

Oh, enviable, early days,
 When dancing thoughtless Pleasure's maze,
 To Care, to Guilt unknown!
 How ill exchange'd for riper times,
 To feel the follies, or the crimes,
 Of others, or my own!
 Ye tiny elves that guiltless sport,
 Like linnets in the bush,
 Ye little know the ills ye court,
 When Manhood is your wish!
 The losses, the crosses,
 That *active man* engage;
 The fears all, the tears all,
 Of dim declining *Age*!



MAN WAS MADE TO MOURN,

A

D I R G E.

I.

WHEN chill November's furly blast
Made fields and forests bare,
One ev'ning as I wand'red forth,
Along the banks of AIRE,
I spy'd a man, whose aged step
Seem'd weary, worn with care;
His face was furrow'd o'er with years,
And hoary was his hair.

II.

Young stranger, whither wand'rest thou ?

Began the rev'rend Sage ;

Does thirst of wealth thy step constrain,

Or youthful Pleasure's rage ?

Or haply, prest with cares and woes,

Too soon thou hast began,

To wander forth, with me, to mourn

The miseries of Man.

III.

The Sun that overhangs yon moors,

Out-spreading far and wide,

Where hundreds labour to support

A haughty lordling's pride ;

I've seen yon weary winter-sun

Twice forty times return ;

And ev'ry time has added proofs,

That Man was made to mourn.

IV.

O Man ! while in thy early years,

How prodigal of time !

U

Mispending all thy precious hours,
 Thy glorious, youthful prime!
 Alternate Follies take the sway;
 Licentious Passions burn;
 Which tenfold force gives Nature's law,
 That Man was made to mourn.

V.

Look not alone on youthful Prime,
 Or Manhood's active might;
 Man then is useful to his kind,
Supported is his right:
 But see him on the edge of life,
 With Cares and Sorrows worn,
 Then Age and Want, Oh! ill-match'd pair!
 Show Man was made to mourn.

VI.

A few seem favourites of Fate,
 In Pleasure's lap careft;
 Yet, think not all the Rich and Great,
 Are likewise truly blest.

But Oh ! what crouds in ev'ry land,
 All wretched and forlorn,
 Thro' weary life this lesson learn,
 That Man was made to mourn !

VII.

Many and sharp the num'rous Ills
 Inwoven with our frame !
 More pointed still we make ourselves,
 Regret, Remorse and Shame !
 And Man, whose heav'n-erected face,
 The smiles of love adorn,
 Man's inhumanity to Man
 Makes countless thousands mourn !

VIII.

See, yonder poor, o'erlabour'd wight,
 So abject, mean and vile,
 Who begs a brother of the earth
 To give him leave to toil ;
 And see his lordly *fellow-worm*,
 The poor petition spurn,

Unmindful, tho' a weeping wife,
And helpless offspring mourn.

IX.

If I'm design'd yon lordling's slave,
By Nature's law design'd,
Why was an independent wish
E'er planted in my mind?
If not, why am I subject to
His cruelty, or scorn?
Or why has Man the will and pow'r
To make his fellow mourn?

X.

Yet, let not this too much, my Son,
Disturb thy youthful breast:
This partial view of human-kind
Is surely not the *last*!
The poor, oppressed, honest man
Had never, sure, been born,
Had there not been some recompence
To comfort those that mourn!

XI.

O Death ! the poor man's dearest friend,

The kindest and the best !

Welcome the hour, my aged limbs

Are laid with thee at rest !

The Great, the Wealthy fear thy blow,

From pomp and pleasure torn ;

But Oh ! a blest relief for those

That weary-laden mourn !





W I N T E R,

A D I R G E,

I.

THE Wintry West extends his blast,
And hail and rain does blaw ;
Or, the stormy North sends driving forth,
The blinding fleet and snaw :
While, tumbling brown, the Burn comes
down,
And roars frae bank to brae ;
And bird and beast, in covert, rest,
And pass the heartless day.

II.

‘ The sweeping blast, the sky o’ercast,’ *
The joyless *winter-day*,
Let others fear, to me more dear,
Than all the pride of May :
The Tempest’s howl, it *sooths* my soul,
My *griefs* it seems to join ;
The leafless trees my fancy please,
Their *fate* resembles mine !

III.

Thou POW’R SUPREME, whose mighty
Scheme,
These *woes* of mine fulfil ;
Here, firm, I rest, they *must* be best,
Because they are *Thy* Will !
Then all I want (Oh, do thou grant
This one request of mine !)
Since to *enjoy* Thou dost deny,
Assist me to *resign* !

* Dr. Young.



A

P R A Y E R,

IN THE PROSPECT OF DEATH.

I.

O THOU unknown, Almighty Cause
Of all my hope and fear !
In whose dread Presence, ere an hour,
Perhaps I must appear !

II.

If I have wander'd in those paths
Of life I ought to shun ;

As *Something*, loudly, in my breast,
Remonstrates I have done;

III.

Thou know'st that Thou hast formed me,
With Passions wild and strong;
And list'ning to their witching voice
Has often led me wrong.

IV.

Where human *weakness* has come short,
Or *frailty* stept aside,
Do Thou, ALL-GOOD, for such Thou art,
In shades of darkness hide.

V.

Where with *intention* I have err'd,
No other plea I have,
But, *Thou art good*; and Goodness still
Delighteth to forgive.



T O A

MOUNTAIN-DAISY,

*On turning one down, with the Plough, in A-
pril—1786.*

WEE, modest, crimson-tipped flow'r,
Thou's met me in an evil hour;
For I maun crush amang the stoure
Thy slender stem:
To spare thee now is past my pow'r,
Thou bonie gem.

Alas! it's no thy neebor sweet,
The bonie *Lark*, companion meet!

Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet !

Wi's spreckl'd breast,
When upward-springing, blythe, to greet
The purpling East.

Could blew the bitter-biting *North*
Upon thy early, humble birth ;
Yet chearfully thou glinted forth
Amid the storm,
Scarce rear'd above the *Parent-earth*
Thy tender form.

The flaunting *flow'rs* our Gardens yield,
High-shelt'ring woods and wa's maun shield,
But thou, beneath the random bield
O' clod or stane,
Adorns the hiftie *stibble-field*,
Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snawie bosom sun-ward spread,
Thou lifts thy unassuming head

In humble guise ;
X 2

But now the *share* uptears thy bed,
And low thou lies!

Such is the fate of artless Maid,
Sweet *flow'ret* of the rural shade!
By Love's simplicity betray'd,
And guileless trust,
Till she, like thee, all soil'd, is laid
Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple Bard,
On Life's rough ocean luckless starr'd!
Unskilful he to note the card
Of *prudent Lore*,
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
And overwhelm him o'er!

Such fate to *suffering worth* is giv'n,
Who long with wants and woes has striv'n,
By human pride or cunning driv'n
To Mis'ry's brink,
Till wrench'd of ev'ry stay but HEAV'N,
He, ruin'd, sink!

Ev'n thou who mourn'st the *Daisy's* fate,
That fate is thine——no distant date;
Stern Ruin's *plough-share* drives, elate,
Full on thy bloom,
Till crush'd beneath the *furrow's* weight,
Shall be thy doom!





T O R U I N .

I.

ALL hail ! inexorable lord !
 At whose destruction-breathing word,
 The mightiest empires fall !
 Thy cruel, woe-delighted train,
 The ministers of Grief and Pain,
 A fullen welcome, all !
 With stern-resolv'd, despairing eye,
 I see each aimed dart ;
 For one has cut my *dearest* tye,
 And quivers in my heart.

Then low'ring, and pouring,
 The *Storm* no more I dread;
 Tho' thick'ning, and black'ning,
 Round my devoted head.

II.

And thou grim Pow'r, by Life abhorr'd,
 While Life a *pleasure* can afford,
 Oh! hear a wretch's pray'r!
 No more I shrink appall'd, afraid;
 I court, I beg thy friendly aid,
 To close this scene of care!
 When shall my soul, in silent peace,
 Resign Life's *joyless* day?
 My weary heart it's throbbings cease,
 Cold-mould'ring in the clay?
 No fear more, no tear more,
 To stain my lifeless face,
 Enclasped, and grasped,
 Within thy cold embrace!

E P I S T L E
TO A
Y O U N G F R I E N D .

May—1786.

I.

I Lang hae thought, my youthfu' friend,
A Something to have sent you,
Tho' it should serve nae other end
Than just a kind memento;
But how the subject theme may gang,
Let time and chance determine;
Perhaps it may turn out a Sang;
Perhaps, turn out a Sermon.

II.

Ye'll try the world soon my lad,
 And ANDREW dear believe me,
 Ye'll find mankind an unco squad,
 And muckle they may grieve ye :
 For care and trouble set your thought,
 Ev'n when your end's attained;
 And a' your views may come to nought,
 Where ev'ry nerve is strained.

III.

I'll no say, men are villains a';
 The real, harden'd wicked,
 Wha hae nae check but *human law*,
 Are to a few restricked :
 But Och, mankind are unco weak
 An' little to be trusted ;
 If *Self* the wavering balance shake,
 It's rarely right adjusted !

IV.

Yet they wha fa' in Fortune's strife,
 Their fate we should na censure,
 For still th' *important end* of life,
 They equally may answer :

Y

A man may hae an *bonest heart*,
 Tho' Poortith hourly stare him;
 A man may tak a neebor's part,
 Yet hae nae *cash* to spare him.

V.

Ay free, aff han', your story tell,
 When wi' a bosom crony;
 But still keep something to yoursel
 Ye scarcely tell to ony.
 Conceal yoursel as weel's ye can
 Frae critical dissection;
 But keek thro' ev'ry other man,
 Wi' sharpen'd, fly inspection.

VI.

The *sacred lowe* o' weel plac'd love,
 Luxuriantly indulge it;
 But never tempt th'*illicit rove*,
 Tho' naething should divulge it:
 I wave the quantum o' the sin;
 The hazard of concealing;
 But Och! it hardens *a' within*,
 And petrifies the feeling!

VII.

To catch Dame Fortune's golden smile,
 Affiduous wait upon her;
 And gather gear by ev'ry wile,
 That's justify'd by Honor:
 Not for to *bide* it in a *bedge*,
 Nor for a *train-attendant*;
 But for the glorious priviledge
 Of being *independant*.

VIII.

The *fear o' Hell's* a hangman's whip,
 To haud the wretch in order;
 But where ye feel your *Honor* grip,
 Let that ay be your border:
 It's slightest touches, instant pause—
 Debar a' *sidge-pretences*;
 And resolutely keep it's laws,
 Uncaring consequences.

IX.

The great CREATOR to revere,
 Must fure become the *Creature*;
 But still the preaching cant forbear,
 And ev'n the rigid feature:

Yet ne'er with Wits prophane to range,
 Be complaisance extended ;
 An *atbieft-laugh's* a poor exchange
 For *Deity offended* !

X.

When ranting round in Pleasure's ring,
 Religion may be blinded ;
 Or if she gie a *random-fling*,
 It may be little minded ;
 But when on Life we're tempest-driven,
 A Conscience but a canker—
 A correspondence fix'd wi' Heav'n,
 Is fure a noble *anchor* !

XI.

Adieu, dear, amiable Youth !
 Your *heart* can ne'er be wanting !
 May Prudence, Fortitude and Truth
 Erect your brow undaunting !
 In *ploughman phrase* ' GOD fend you speed,'
 Still daily to grow wiser ;
 And may ye better reckon the *rede*,
 Than ever did th' *Adviser* !



O N A

SCOTCH BARD

GONE TO THE WEST INDIES.

A' Ye wha live by fowps o' drink,
A' ye wha live by crambo-clink,
A' ye wha live and never think,

Come, mourn wi' me!

Our *billie's* gien us a' a jink,

An' owre the Sea.

Lament him a' ye rantan core,
Wha dearly like a random-splore ;
Nae mair he'll join the *merry roar*,
In social key ;
For now he's taen anither shore,
An' owre the Sea !

The bonie lassies weel may wifs him,
And in their dear *petitions* place him :
The widows, wives, an' a' may blefs him,
Wi' tearfu' e'e ;
For weel I wat they'll fairly miss him
That's owre the Sea !

O Fortune, they hae room to grumble !
Hadst thou taen aff some drowsy bummle,
Wha can do nought but fyke an' fumble,
'Twad been nae plea ;
But he was gleg as onie wumble,
That's owre the Sea !

Auld, cantie KYLE may weepers wear,
An' stain them wi' the faut, faut tear :

'Twill mak her poor, auld heart, I fear,
In flinders flee:
He was her *Laureat* monie a year,
That's owre the Sea!

He saw Misfortune's cauld *Nor-west*
Lang-mustering up a bitter blast;
A Jillet brak his heart at last,
Ill may she be!
So, took a birth afore the mast,
An' owre the Sea.

To tremble under Fortune's cummock,
On scarce a bellyfu' o' *drummock*,
Wi' his proud, independant stomach,
Could ill agree;
So, row't his hurdies in a *bammock*,
An' owre the Sea.

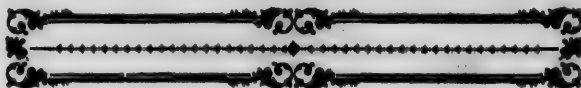
He ne'er was gien to great misguidin,
Yet coin his pouches wad na bide in;
Wi' him it ne'er was *under bidin*;
He dealt it free:

The *Muse* was a' that he took pride in,
That's owre the Sea.

Jamaica bodies, use him weel,
An' hap him in a cozie biel:
Ye'll find him ay a dainty chiel,
An' fou o' glee:
He wad na wrang'd the vera *Diel*,
That's owre the Sea.

Fareweel, my *rhyme-composeng billie*!
Your native foil was right ill-willie;
But may ye flourish like a lily,
Now bonilie!
I'll toast you in my hindmost *gillie*,
Tho' owre the Sea!





A

DEDICATION

T O

G * * * * H * * * * * Esq;

EXPECT na, Sir, in this narration,
A fleechan, fleth'ran *Dedication*,
To roose you up, an' ca' you guid,
An' sprung o' great an' noble bluid;
Because ye're firnam'd like *His Grace*,
Perhaps related to the race:
Then when I'm tir'd—and fae are ye,
Wi' monie a fullsome, sinfu' lie,

Z



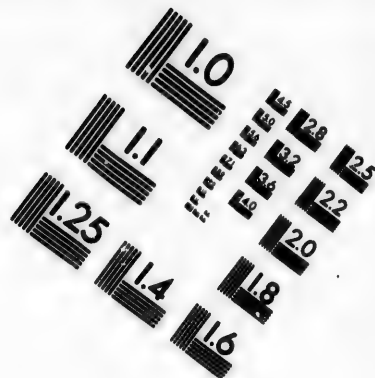
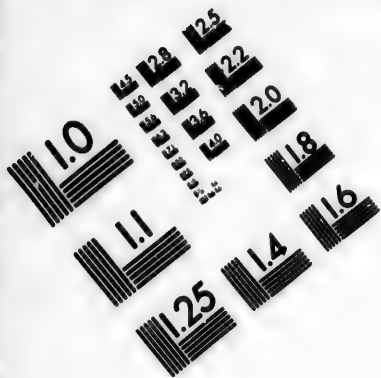
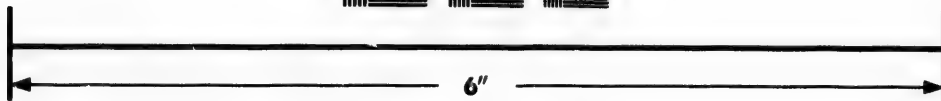
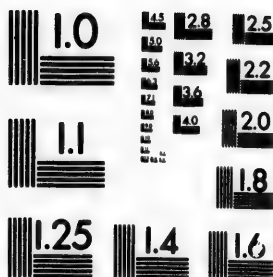


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10 01

Set up a face, how I stop short,
For fear your modesty be hurt.

This may do—maun do, Sir, wi' them wha
Maun please the Great-folk for a wamefou;
For me! sae laigh I need na bow,
For, LORD be thanket, *I can plough*;
And when I downa yoke a naig,
Then, LORD be thanket, *I can beg*;
Sae I shall say, an' that's nae flatt'rin,
It's just *sic Poet* an' *sic Patron*.

The Poet, some guid Angel help him,
Or else, I fear, some *ill ane* skelp him!
He may do weel for a' he's done yet,
But only—he's no just begun yet.

The Patron, (Sir, ye maun forgie me,
I winna lie, come what will o' me)
On ev'ry hand it will allow'd be,
He's just—nae better than he should be.

I readily and freely grant,
He downa see a poor man want;
What's no his ain, he winna tak it;
What ance he says, he winna break it;

Ought he can lend he'll no refus't,
 Till aft his guidness is abus'd;
 And rascals whyles that do him wrang,
 Ev'n *that*, he does na mind it lang:
 As Master, Landlord, Husband, Father,
 He does na fail his part in either.

But then, nae thanks to him for a' that;
 Nae *godly symptom* ye can ca' that;
 It's naething but a milder feature,
 Of our poor, sinfu', corrupt Nature:
 Ye'll get the best o' moral works,
 'Mang black *Gentoos*, and Pagan *Turks*,
 Or Hunters wild on *Ponotaxi*,
 Wha never heard of Orth-d-xy.
 That he's the poor man's friend in need,
 The GENTLEMAN in word and deed,
 It's no through terror of D-mn-t-n;
 It's just a carnal inclination,
 And Och! that's nae r-g-n-r-t-n!

Morality, thou deadly bane,
 Thy tens o' thousands thou hast slain!
 Vain is his hope, whafe stay an' trust is,
 In *moral* Mercy, Truth and Justice!

No—stretch a point to catch a plack;
 Abuse a Brother to his back;
 Steal thro' the *winnock* frae a wh-re,
 But point the Rake that tak's the *door*;
 Be to the Poor like onie whunstone,
 And haud their noses to the grunstone;
 Ply ev'ry art o' *legal* thieving;
 No matter—stick to *sound believing*.

Learn three-mile pray'rs, an' half-mile graces,
 Wi' weel spread looves, an' lang, wry faces;
 Grunt up a solemn, lengthen'd groan,
 And damn a' Parties but your own;
 I'll warrant then, ye're nae Deceiver,
 A steady, sturdy, staunch *Believer*.

O ye wha leave the springs o' C-lv-n,
 For *gumlie dubs* of your ain delvin!
 Ye fons of Heresy and Error,
 Ye'll *some day* squeel in quaking terror!
 When Vengeance draws the sword in wrath,
 And in the fire throws the *sheath*;
 When Ruin, with his sweeping *besom*,
 Just frets till Heav'n commission gies him;

While o'er the *Harp* pale Misery moans,
 And strikes the ever-deep'ning tones,
 Still louder shrieks, and heavier groans!

Your pardon, Sir, for this digression,
 I maist forgot my *Dedication*;
 But when Divinity comes cross me,
 My readers then are sure to lose me.

So Sir, you see 'twas nae daft vapour,
 But I maturely thought it proper,
 When a' my works I did review,
 To *dedicate* them, Sir, to YOU:
 Because (ye need na tak it ill)
 I thought them something like *yoursel*.

Then patronize them wi' your favor,
 And your Petitioner shall ever—
 I had amaist said, *ever pray*,
 But that's a word I need na say:
 For prayin I hae little skill o't;
 I'm baith dead-sweer, an' wretched ill o't;
 But I'll repeat each poor man's *pray'r*,
 That kens or hears about you, Sir——

' May ne'er Misfortune's gowling bark,
 ' Howl thro' the dwelling o' the CLERK !
 ' May ne'er his gen'rous, honest heart,
 ' For that same gen'rous spirit smart !
 ' May K*****'s far-honor'd name
 ' Lang beet his hymeneal flame,
 ' Till H*****'s, at least a diz'n,
 ' Are frae their nuptial labor's risen :
 ' Five bonie Lasses round their table,
 ' And sev'n braw fellows, stout an' able,
 ' To serve their King an' Country weel,
 ' By word, or pen, or pointed steel !
 ' May Health and Peace, with mutual rays,
 ' Shine on the ev'ning o' his days ;
 ' Till his wee, curlic *John's* ier-oe,
 ' When ebbing life nae mair shall flow, }
 ' The last, sad, mournful rites bestow !'

I will not wind a lang conclusion,
 With complimentary effusion :
 But whilst your wishes and endeavours,
 Are blest with Fortune's smiles and favours,

I am, Dear Sir, with zeal most fervent,
Your much indebted, humble servant.

But if, which Pow'rs above prevent,
That iron-hearted Carl, *Want*,
Attended, in his grim advances,
By *sad mistakes*, and *black mischances*,
While hopes, and joys, and pleasures fly him,
Make you as poor a dog as I am,
Your *bumble servant* then no more;
For who would humbly serve the Poor?
But by a poor man's hopes in Heav'n!
While recollection's pow'r is giv'n,
If, in the vale of humble life,
The victim sad of Fortune's strife,
I, through the tender-gushing tear,
Should recognise my *Master dear*,
If friendless, low, we meet together,
Then, Sir, your hand—my FRIEND and
BROTHER.



T O A

L O U S E,

On Seeing one on a Lady's Bonnet at Church.

HA ! whare ye gaun, ye crowlan ferlie !
Your impudence protects you fairly :
I canna say but ye strunt rarely,

Owre *gawze* and *lace* ;
Tho' faith, I fear ye dine but sparely,
On sic a place.

Ye ugly, creepan, blastet wonner,
Detested, shunn'd, by saunt an' finner,

How daur ye set your fit upon her,

Sae fine a *Lady*!

Gae somewhere else and seek your dinner,

On some poor body.

Swith, in some beggar's haffet squattle;

There ye may creep, and sprawl, and sprattle,

Wi' ither kindred, jumping cattle,

In shoals and nations;

Whare *born* nor *bane* ne'er daur unfettle,

Your thick plantations.

Now haud you there, ye're out o' sight,

Below the fatt'rels, snug and tight,

Na faith ye yet! ye'll no be right,

Till ye've got on it,

The vera tapmost, towrin height

O' *Miss's bonnet*.

My sooth! right bauld ye set your nose out,

As plump an' gray as onie grozet:

O for some rank, mercurial rozet,

Or fell, red smeddum,

A a

I'd gie you sic a hearty dose o't,
Wad dress your droddum !

I wad na been surpriz'd to spy
You on an auld wife's *flainen* toy ;
Or aiblins some bit duddie boy,
On's *wylecoat* ;
But Miss's fine *Lunardi*, fye !
How daur ye do't ?

O *Jenny* dinna tose your head,
An' fet your beauties a' abroad !
Ye little ken what curfed speed
The blastie's makin !
Thae *winks* and *finger-ends*, I dread,
Are notice takin !

O wad some Pow'r the giftie gie us
To see ourselfs as others see us !
It wad frae monie a blunder free us
An' foolish notion :
What airs in dress an' gait wad lea'e us,
And ev'n Devotion !

(195)



E P I S T L E

T O

J. L * * * * K,

AN OLD SCOTCH BARD.

April 18, 1785.

WHILE briers an' woodbines bud-
ding green,

An' Paitricks sraichan loud at e'en,

And morning Pooffie whiddan feen,

Inspire my Muse,

This freedom, in an *unknown* frien',

I pray excuse.

A a 2

On Fasteneen we had a rockin,
To ca' the crack and weave our stockin;
And there was muckle fun and jokin,
Ye need na doubt;
At length we had a hearty yokin,
At *sang about*.

There was ae *sang*, amang the rest,
Aboon them a' it pleas'd me best,
That some kind husband had addrest,
To some sweet wife:
It thril'd the heart-strings thro' the breast,
A' to the life.

I've scarce heard ought describ'd fae weel,
What gen'rous, manly bosoms feel;
Thought I, 'Can this be *Pope*, or *Steele*,
Or *Beattie's* wark;'
They tald me 'twas an odd kind chiel
About *Muirkirk*.

It pat me fidgean-fain to hear't,
An' fae about him there I spier't;

Then a' that kent him round declar'd,
He had *ingine*,
That nane excell'd it, few cam near't,
It was fae fine.

That fet him to a pint of ale,
An' either douse or merry tale,
Or rhymes an' fangs he'd made himsel;
Or witty catches,
'Tween Inverness and Tiviotdale,
He had few matches.

Then up I gat, an swoor an aith,
Tho' I should pawn my pleugh an' graith,
Or die a cadger pownie's death,
At some dyke-back,
A *pint* an' *gill* I'd gie them *baith*,
To hear your crack.

But first an' foremost, I should tell,
Amaist as soon as I could spell,
I to the *crambo-jingle* fell,
Tho' rude an' rough,

Yet crooning to a body's sel,
Does weel enugh.

I am nae *Poet*, in a sence,
But just a *Rhymer* like by chance,
An' hae to Learning nae pretence,
Yet, what the matter?
Whene'er my Muse does on me glance,
I jingle at her.

Your Critic-folk may cock their nose,
And say, 'How can you e'er propose,
'You wha ken hardly *verse* frae *prose*,
To mak a *sang*?'
But by your leaves, my learned foes,
Ye're maybe wrang.

What's a' your jargon o' your Schools,
Your Latin names for horns an' stools;
If honest Nature made you *fools*,
What sairs your Grammars?
Ye'd better taen up *spades* and *shools*,
Or *knappin-bammers*.

A set o' dull, conceited Haffes,
Confuse their brains in *Colledge-classes* !
They *gang in* Stirks, and *come out* Affes,
Plain truth to speak ;
An' syne they think to climb Parnassius
By dint o' Greek !

Gie me ae spark o' Nature's fire,
That's a' the learning I desire ;
Then tho' I drudge thro' dub an' mire
At pleugh or cart,
My Muse, tho' hamely in attire,
May touch the heart.

O for a spark o' ALLAN'S glee,
Or FERGUSON'S, the bauld an' flee,
Or bright L*****K'S, my friend to be,
If I can hit it !
That would be *lear* enough for me,
If I could get it.

Now, Sir, if ye hae friends enow,
Tho' *real friends* I b'lieve are few,

mare?

Yet, if your catalogue be fow,
I'll no infist;
But gif ye want ae friend that's true,
I'm on your list.

I winna blaw about *myself*,
As ill I like my fauts to tell;
But friends an' folk that wish me well,
They sometimes roose me;
Tho' I maun own, as monie still,
As far abuse me.

There's ae *wee faut* they whiles lay to me,
I like the lasses—Gude forgie me!
For monie a Plack they wheedle frae me,
At dance or fair:
Maybe some *ither thing* they gie me
They weel can spare.

But MAUCLINE Race or MAUCH-
LINE Fair,
I should be proud to meet you there;
We'll gie ae night's discharge to *care*,
If we forgather,

An' hae a swap o' *rhymin-ware*,

Wi' ane anither.

The *four-gill chap*, we'se gar him clatter,

An' kirk'n him wi' reekin water;

Syne we'll sit down an' tak our whitter,

To chear our heart;

An' faith, we'se be *acquainted* better

Before we part.

Awa ye selfish, warly race,

Wha think that havins, sence an' grace,

Ev'n love an' friendship should give place

To *catch-the-plack*!

I dinna like to see your face,

Nor hear your crack.

But ye whom social pleasure charms,

Whose hearts the *tide of kindness* warms,

Who hold your *being* on the terms,

' Each aid the others,'

Come to my bowl, come to my arms,

My friends, my brothers!

B b

But to conclude my lang epistle,
As my auld pen's worn to the gristle;
Twa lines frae you wad gar me fisle,
Who am, most fervent,
While I can either sing, or whistle,
Your friend and servant.

TO THE SAME.

April 21st, 1785.

WHILE new-ca'd kye rowte at the
flake,

An' pownies reek in plough or braik,
This hour on e'enin's edge I take,
To own I'm debtor,
To honest-hearted, auld L*****K,
For his kind *letter*.

Forjesket fair, with weary legs,
Rattlin the corn out-owre the rigs,
Or dealing thro' amang the naigs
Their ten-hours bite,

My awkart Muse fair pleads and begs,
I would na write.

The tapetlefs, ramfeezi'd hizzie,
She's faft at beft an' fomethin lazy,
Quo' she, 'Ye ken we've been fae bufy
' This month an' mair,
' That trowth, my head is grown right dizzie,
' An' fomethin fair.'

Her dowf excuses pat me mad;
' Conscience,' fays I, 'ye thowlefs jad!
' I'll write, an' that a hearty blaud,
' This vera night;
' So dinna ye affront your trade,
' But rhyme it right.

' Shall bauld L*****K, the king o' hearts,
' Tho' mankind were a pack o' cartes,
' Roofe you fae weel for your deserts,
' In terms fae friendly,
' Yet ye'll neglect to fhaw your parts
' An' thank him kindly ?'

Sae I gat paper in a blink,
An', down gaed *stumpie* in the ink :
Quoth I, ' Before I sleep a wink,
 ' I vow I'll close it ;
' An' if ye winna mak it clink,
 ' By Jove I'll prose it !'

Sae I've begun to scrawl, but whether
In rhyme, or prose, or baith thegither,
Or some hotch-potch that's rightly neither,
 Let time mak proof;
But I shall scribble down some blether
 Just clean aff-loof.

My worthy friend, ne'er grudge an' carp,
Tho' Fortune use you hard an' sharp;
Come, kittle up your *moorlan barp*
Wi' gleefome touch!
Ne'er mind how Fortune *wast* an' *warp*;
She's but a b-tch.

She's gien me monie a jirt an' fleg,
Sin I could striddle owre a rig;

But by the L—d, tho' I should beg

Wi' lyart pow,

I'll laugh, an' sing, an' shake my leg,

As lang's I dow!

Now comes the *sax an' twentieth* simmer,

I've seen the bud upo' the timmer,

Still persecuted by the limmer

Frae year to year;

But yet, despite the kittle kimmer,

I, Rob, am here.

Do ye envy the *city-gent*,

Behint a kist to lie an' sklent,

Or purse-proud, big wi' cent per cent,

An' muckle wame,

In some bit *Brugh* to represent

A Baillie's name?

Or is't the paughty, feudal *Thane*,

Wi' ruff'd fark an' glancin cane,

Wha thinks himsel nae *sheep-bank bane*,

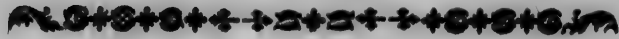
But lordly stalks,

While caps an' bonnets aff are taen,
As by he walks?

' O *Thou* wha gies us each guid gift !
' Gie me o' *wit* an' *sense* a lift,
' Then turn me, if *Thou* please, *adrift*,
 ' Thro' Scotland wide ;
' Wi' *cits* nor *lairds* I wadna shift,
 ' In a' their pride !'

Were this the *charter* of our fate,
' On pain o' *hell* be rich an' great,'
Damnation then would be our fate,
Beyond remead ;
But, thanks to *Heav'n*, that's no the gate
We learn our *creed*.

For thus the royal *Mandate* ran,
When first the human race began,
'The social, friendly, honest man,
 'Whate'er he be,
'Tis *he* fulfils great Nature's plan,
 'And none but *he*.'



T O

W. S * * * * N, OCHILTREE.

May—1785.

I Gat your letter, winsome Willie;
Wi' gratefu' heart I thank you brawlie;
Tho' I maun say't, I wad be filly,
An' unco vain,
Should I believe, my coaxin billie,
Your flatterin strain.

But I'fe believe ye kindly meant it,
I sud be laith to think ye hinted
Ironic satire, fidelins sklentid,

On my poor Musie;
Tho' in sic phraisin terms ye've penn'd it,
I scarce excuse ye.

My senses wad be in a creel,
 Should I but dare a *hope* to speel,
 Wi' *Allan*, or wi' *Gilbertfield*,
 The bracs o' fame;
 Or *Ferguson*, the writer-chiel,
 A deathless name.

(O *Ferguson*! thy glorious *parts*,
 Ill-suited *law's* dry, musty arts!
 My curse upon your whunstone hearts,
 Ye Enbrugh Gentry!
 The tythe o' what ye waste at *cartes*
 Wad stow'd his pantry!)

Yet when a tale comes i' my head,
 Or lasses gie my heart a screed,
 As whiles they're like to be my dead,
 (O sad disease!)
 I kittle up my *russic reed*;
 It gies me ease.

Auld COILA, now, may fidge fu' fain,
 She's gotten *Bardies* o' her ain,
 C c

Chiefs wha their chanter's winna hain,
But tune their lays,
Till echoes a' resound again
Her weel-sung praise.

Nae *Poet* thought her worth his while,
To set her name in measur'd style;
She lay like some unkend-of isle
Beside *New Holland*,
Or whare wild-meeting oceans boil
Besouth *Magellan*.

Ramsay an' famous *Ferguson*
Gied *Forth* an' *Tay* a lift aboon;
Yarrow an' *Tweed*, to monie a tune,
Owre Scotland rings,
While *Irwin*, *Lugar*, *Aire* an' *Doon*,
Naebody sings.

Th' *Illissus*, *Tiber*, *Thames* an' *Seine*,
Glide sweet in monie a tunefu' line;
But *Willie* set your fit to mine,
An' cock your crest,

We'll gar our streams an' burnies shine
Up wi' the best.

We'll sing auld COILA'S plains an' fells,
Her moors red-brown wi' heather bells,
Her banks an' braes, her dens an' dells,
Where glorious WALLACE
Aft bure the gree, as story tells,
Frac Suthron billies.

At WALLACE' name, what Scottish blood,
But boils up in a spring-tide flood!
Oft have our fearless fathers strode
By WALLACE' side,
Still pressing onward, red-wat-shod,
Or glorious dy'd!

O sweet are COILA'S haughs an' woods,
When lintwhites chant among the buds,
And jinkin hares, in amorous whids,
Their loves enjoy,
While thro' the braes the cushat croods
With wailfu' cry!
C c 2

Ev'n winter bleak has charms to me,
 When winds rave thro' the naked tree;
 Or frosts on hills of *Ochiltree*

Are hoary gray;
 Or blinding drifts wild-furious flee,
 Dark'ning the day!

O NATURE! a' thy shews an' forms
 To feeling, penfive hearts hae charms!
 Whether the Summer kindly warms,
 Wi' life an' light,
 Or Winter howls, in gusty storms,
 The lang, dark night!

The *Muse*, nae *Poet* ever fand her,
 Till by himsel he learn'd to wander,
 Adown some trottin burn's meander,
 An' no think lang;
 O sweet, to stray an' penfive ponder
 A heart-felt sang!

The warly race may drudge an' drive,
 Hog-shouther, jundie, stretch an' strive,

Let me fair NATURE'S face describe,
And I, wi' pleasure,
Shall let the busy, grumbling hive
Bum owre their treasure.

Fareweel, ' my rhyme-composin' brither !
We've been owre lang unkenn'd to ither :
Now let us lay our heads thegither,
In love fraternal :
May *Envy* wallop in a tether,
Black fiend, infernal !

While Highlandmen hate tolls an' taxes ;
While moorlan herds like guid, fat braxies ;
While Terra firma, on her axis,
Diurnal turns,
Count on a friend, in faith an' practice,
In ROBERT BURNS.

P O S T S C R I P T.

My memory's no worth a preen;
 I had amaist forgotten clean,
 Ye bad me write you what they mean
 By this *new-light*, *
 'Bout which our *berds* sae aft hae been
 Maist like to fight.

In days when mankind were but callans,
 At *Grammar*, *Logic*, an' sic talents,
 They took nae pains their speech to balance,
 Or rules to gie,
 But spak their thoughts in plain, braid lallans,
 Like you or me.

In thae auld times, they thought the *Moon*,
 Juist like a fark, or pair o' shoon,
 Woor by degrees, till her laist roon
 Gaed past their viewin,
 An' shortly after she was done
 They gat a new ane.

* A cant-term for those religious opinions, which Dr. TAYLOR of Norwich has defended so strenuously.

This past for certain, undisputed ;
It ne'er cam i' their heads to doubt it,
Till chieles gat up an' wad confute it,
An' ca'd it wrang ;
An' muckle din there was about it,
Baith loud an' lang.

Some *berds*, weel learn'd upo' the beuk,
Wad threap auld folk the thing misteuk ;
For 'twas the *auld moon* turn'd a newk
An' out o' fight,
An' backlins-comin, to the leuk,
She grew mair bright.

This was deny'd, it was affirm'd ;
The *berds* an' *biffels* were alarm'd ;
The rev'rend gray-beards rav'd an' storm'd,
That beardless laddies
Should think they better were inform'd,
Than their auld dadies.

Frae less to mair it gaed to sticks ;
Frae words an' aiths to clours an' nicks ;

An' monie a fallow gat his licks,
Wi' hearty crunt;
An' some, to learn them for their tricks,
Were hang'd an' brunt.

This game was play'd in monie lands,
An' *auld-light* caddies bure sic hands,
That faith, the *youngsters* took the sands
Wi' nimble shanks,
Till *Lairds* forbad, by strict commands,
Sic bluidy pranks.

But *new-light berds* gat sic a cove,
Folk thought them ruin'd stick-an-flowe,
Till now amaisit on ev'ry *knowe*
Ye'll find ane plac'd;
An' some, their *New-light* fair avow,
Just quite barefac'd.

Nae doubt the *auld-light flocks* are bleatan;
Their zealous *berds* are vex'd an' sweatan;
Myfel, I've ev'n seen them greetan
Wi' ginnan spite,

To hear the *Moon* fae fadly lie'd on
By word an' write.

But shortly they will cove the louns!
Some *auld-light berds* in neebor towns
Are mind't, in things they ca' *balloons*,
To tak a flight,
An' stay ae month amang the *Moons*
An' see them right.

Guid observation they will gie them;
An' when the *auld Moon's* gaun to le'ae them,
The hindmost *shaird*, they'll fetch it wi' them,
Just i' their pouch,
An' when the *new-light* billies see them,
I think they'll crouch!

Sae, ye observe that a' this clatter
Is naething but a 'moonshine matter';
But tho' dull *prose-folk* latin splatter
In logic tulzie,
I hope we, *Bardies*, ken some better
Than mind sic brulzie.
D d

EPISTLE TO J. R*****,

ENCLOSING SOME POEMS.

O Rough, rude, ready-witted R*****,
The wale o' cocks for fun an' drinkin!
There's monie godly folks are thinkin,
Your *dreams* * an' tricks
Will fend you, Korah-like, a sinkin,
Straught to auld Nick's.

Ye hae fae monie cracks an' cants,
And in your wicked, druken rants,
Ye mak a devil o' the *Saunts*,
An' fill them fou;
And then their failings, flaws an' wants,
Are a' feen thro'.

* A certain humorous *dream* of his was then making a noise in the world.

Hypocrisy, in mercy spare it!
That *holy robe*, O dinna tear it!
Spare't for their sakes wha aften wear it,

The lads in *black*;
But your curst wit, when it comes near it,
Rives't aff their back.

Think, wicked Sinner, wha ye're skaithing:
It's just the *Blue-gown* badge an' claithing,
O' Saunts; tak that, ye lea'e them naething.

To ken them by,
Frae ony unregenerate Heathen,
Like you or I.

I've sent you here, some rhymin ware,
A' that I bargain'd for, an' mair;
Sae when ye hae an hour to spare,
I will expect,
Yon *Sang* * ye'll sen't, wi' cannie care,
And no neglect.

Tho' faith, sma' heart hae I to sing!
My Muse dow scarcely spread her wing:
D d 2

* A *Song* he had promised the Author.

I've play'd mysel a bonie *spring*,
An' *danc'd* my fill !
I'd better gaen an' fair't the king,
At Bunker's hill.

'Twas ae night lately, in my fun,
I gaed a rovin wi' the gun,
An' brought a *Patrick* to the *grun'*,
A bonie *ben*,
And, as the twilight was begun,
Thought nane wad ken.

The poor, wee thing was *little burt* ;
I *straiket* it a wee for sport,
Ne'er thinkan they wad fash me for't ;
But, Deil-ma-care !
Somebody tells the *Poacher-Court*,
The hale affair.

Some auld, uf'd hands had taen a note,
That *sic a ben* had got a *shot* ;
I was suspected for the plot ;
I scorn'd to lie ;

So gat the whifse o' my groat,
An' pay't the *fee*.

But by my *gun*, o' guns the wale,
An' by my *pouter* an' my *bail*,
An' by my *ben*, an' by her *tail*,

I vow an' swear!

The *Game* shall Pay, owre moor an' *dail*,
For this, niest year.

As soon's the *clockin-time* is by,
An' the *wee pouts* begun to cry,
L—d, I'fe hae sportin by an' by,

For my *gowd guinea*;

Tho' I should herd the *buckskin* kye
For't, in Virginia!

Trowth, they had muckle for to blame!

'Twas neither broken wing nor limb,

But twa-three *draps* about the *wame*

Scarce thro' the *feathers*;

An' baith a *yellow George* to claim,

An' *thole* their *blethers*!

It pits me ay as mad's a hare;
So I can rhyme nor write nae mair;
But *pennyworths* again is fair,
When time's expedient :
Meanwhile I am, respected Sir,
Your most obedient.

S O N G.

Tune, Corn rigs are bonie.

I.

IT was upon a Lammas night,
When corn rigs are bonie,
Beneath the moon's unclouded light,
I held awa to Annie:
The time flew by, wi' tentless head,
Till 'tween the late and early ;
Wi' sma' persuasion she agreed,
To see me thro' the barley.

II.

The sky was blue, the wind was still,
The moon was shining clearly ;
I set her down, wi' right good will,
Amang the rigs o' barley :
I ken't her heart was a' my ain ;
I lov'd her most sincerely ;
I kiss'd her owre and owre again,
Amang the rigs o' barley.

III.

I lock'd her in my fond embrace ;
Her heart was beating rarely :
My blessings on that happy place,
Amang the rigs o' barley !
But by the moon and stars so bright,
That shone that night so clearly !
She ay shall bless that happy night,
Amang the rigs o' barley.

IV.

I hae been blythe wi' Comrades dear ;
I hae been merry drinking ;

I hae been joyfu' gath'rin gear ;
I hae been happy thinking :
But a' the pleasures e'er I saw,
Tho' three times doubl'd fairly,
That happy night was worth them a',
Amang the rigs o' barley.

CHORUS.

Corn rigs, an' barley rigs,
An' corn rigs are bonie :
I'll ne'er forget that happy night,
Amang the rigs wi' Annie.



S O N G,

COMPOSED IN AUGUST.

Tune, I had a horse, I had nae mair.

I.

NOW westlin winds, and slaught'ring
guns
Bring Autumn's pleasant weather ;

And the moorcock springs, on whirring wings,
Amang the blooming heather :
Now waving grain, wide o'er the plain,
Delights the weary Farmer ;
And the moon shines bright, when I rove at
night,
To muse upon my Charmer.

II.

The Partridge loves the fruitful fells ;
The Plover loves the mountains ;
The Woodcock haunts the lonely dells ;
The soaring Hern the fountains :
Thro' lofty groves, the Cushat roves,
The path of man to shun it ;
The hazel bush o'erhangs the Thrush,
The spreading thorn the Linnet.

III.

Thus ev'ry kind their pleasure find,
The savage and the tender ;
Some social join, and leagues combine ;
Some solitary wander :
E c

Avaunt, away ! the cruel sway,
Tyrannic man's dominion ;
The Sportsman's joy, the murd'ring cry,
The flutt'ring, gory pinion !

IV.

But PEGGY dear, the ev'ning's clear,
Thick flies the skimming Swallow ;
The sky is blue, the fields in view,
All fading-green and yellow !
Come let us stray our gladsome way,
And view the charms of Nature ;
The rustling corn, the fruited thorn,
And ev'ry happy creature.

V.

We'll gently walk, and sweetly talk,
Till the silent moon shine clearly ;
I'll grasp thy waist, and fondly prest,
Swear how I love thee dearly :
Not vernal show'rs to budding flow'rs,
Not Autumn to the Farmer,
So dear can be, as thou to me,
My fair, my lovely Charmer !



S O N G.

Tune, Gilderoy.

I.

FROM thee, ELIZA, I must go,
And from my native shore:
The cruel fates between us throw
A boundless ocean's roar;
But boundless oceans, roaring wide,
Between my Love and me,
They never, never can divide
My heart and soul from thee.

II.

Farewell, farewell, ELIZA dear,
The maid that I adore!
A boding voice is in mine ear,
We part to meet no more!
But the latest throb that leaves my heart,
While Death stands victor by,
That throb, ELIZA, is thy part,
And thine that latest sigh!

T H E F A R E W E L L .

TO THE BRETHREN OF St. JAMES'S LODGE, TARBOLTON.

Tune, Goodnight and joy be wi' you a'

I.

A DIEU ! a heart-warm, fond adieu !
Dear brothers of the *mystic tye* !

Ye favored, *enlighten'd* Few,

Companions of my social joy !

Tho' I to foreign lands must hie,

Pursuing Fortune's slidd'ry ba',

With melting heart, and brimful eye,

I'll mind you still, tho' far awa.

II.

Oft have I met your social Band,

And spent the chearful, festive night ;

Oft, honor'd with supreme command,

Prefided o'er the *Sons of light* :

And by that *Hieroglyphic* bright,

Which none but *Craftsmen* ever saw !

Strong Mem'ry on my heart shall write
Those happy scenes when far awa!

III.

May Freedom, Harmony and Love
Unite you in the *grand Design*,
Beneath th' Omniscient Eye above,
The glorious ARCHITECT Divine!
That you may keep th' *unerring line*,
Still rising by the *plummet's law*,
Till *Order* bright, completely shine,
Shall be my Pray'r when far awa,

IV.

And *YOU*, farewell! whose merits claim,
Justly that *bighest badge* to wear!
Heav'n blest your honor'd, noble Name,
To MASONRY and SCOTIA dear!
A last request, permit me here,
When yearly ye assemble a',
One *round*, I ask it with a *tear*,
To him, *the Bard, that's far awa.*



EPITAPH ON A HENPECKED COUNTRY SQUIRE.

As father Adam first was fool'd,
A case that's still too common,
Here lyes a man a woman rul'd,
The devil rul'd the woman.

EPIGRAM ON SAID OCCASION.

O Death, hadst thou but spar'd his life,
Whom we, this day, lament !
We freely wad exchang'd the *wife*,
An' a' been weel content.

Ev'n as he is, cauld in his graff,
The *swap* we yet will do't ;
Tak thou the Carlin's carcase aff,
Thou'fe get the *faul* o' boot.

A N O T H E R.

One Queen Artemisa, as old stories tell,
When depriv'd of her husband she loved so
well,

In respect for the love and affection he'd
 show'd her,
 She reduc'd him to dust, and she drank up
 the Powder.

But Queen N*****, of a different
 complexion,
 When call'd on to order the fun'ral direction,
 Would have *eat* her dead lord, on a slender
 pretence,
 Not to show her respect, but—to *save the ex-
 pence.*



E P I T A P H S.

ON A CELEBRATED RULING ELDER.

Here Sowter **** in Death does sleep;
 To H—ll, if he's gane thither,
 Satan, gie him thy gear to keep,
 He'll haud it weel thegither.

ON A NOISY POLEMIC.

Below thir stanes lie Jamie's banes ;
O Death, it's my opinion,
Thou ne'er took such a bleth'ran b—tch,
Into thy dark dominion !

ON WEE JOHNNIE.

Hic jacet wee Johnie.

Whoe'er thou art, O reader, know,
That Death has murder'd Johnie ;
An' here his *body* lies fu' low——
For *saal* he ne'er had ony.

FOR THE AUTHOR'S FATHER.

O ye whose cheek the tear of pity stains,
Draw near with pious rev'rence and attend !
Here lie the loving Husband's dear remains,
The tender Father, and the gen'rous Friend.

The pitying Heart that felt for human Woe;
 The dauntless heart that fear'd no human
 Pride;
 The Friend of Man, to vice alone a foe;
 ' For ev'n his failings lean'd to Virtue's
 side. *'

FOR R. A. Esq;

Know thou, O stranger to the fame
 Of this much lov'd, much honor'd name!
 (For none that knew him need be told)
 A warmer heart Death ne'er made cold.

FOR G. H. Esq;

The poor man weeps—here G——N sleeps,
 Whom canting wretches blam'd:
 But with *such as he*, where'er he be,
 May I be *sav'd* or *d——'d*!

F f

* Goldsmith.

A B A R D ' S E P I T A P H .

IS there a whim-inspir'd fool,
Owre fast for thought, owre hot for rule,
Owre blate to seek, owre proud to snool,
Let him draw near ;
And o'er this grassy heap sing dool,
And drap a tear.

Is there a Bard of rustic song,
Who, noteless, steals the crouds among,
That weekly this area throng,
O, pass not by !
But with a frater-feeling strong,
Here, heave a sigh.

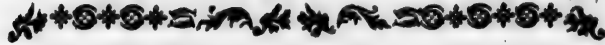
Is there a man whose judgment clear,
Can others teach the course to steer,
Yet runs, himself, life's mad career,
Wild as the wave,

Here pause—and thro' the starting tear,
Survey this grave.

The poor Inhabitant below
Was quick to learn and wise to know,
And keenly felt the friendly glow,
And *softer flame* ;
But thoughtless follies laid him low,
And stain'd his name !

Reader attend—whether thy soul
Soars fancy's flights beyond the pole,
Or darkling grubs this earthly hole,
In low pursuit,
Know, prudent, cautious, *self-controul*
Is Wisdom's root.

F I N I S.



G L O S S A R Y.

Words that are universally known, and those that differ from the English only by the elision of letters by apostrophes, or by varying the termination of the verb, are not inserted. The terminations may be thus known; the participle present, instead of *ing*, ends, in the Scotch Dialect, in *an* or *in*; in *an*, particularly, when the verb is composed of the participle present, and any of the tenses of the auxiliary, *to be*. The past time and participle past are usually made by shortening the *ed* into *'t*.

A

A BACK, behind, away
 Abiegh, at a distance
 Ae, one
 Agley, wide of the aim
 Aiver, an old horse
 Aizle, a red ember
 Ane, one, an
 Ase, ashes
 Ava, at all, of all
 Awn, the beard of oats, &c.

B

B AIRAN, baring
 Banie, bony

Bawf'nt, having a white stripe
 down the face
 Ben, *but and ben*, the country
 kitchen and parlour
 Bellys, bellows
 Bee, *to let bee*, to leave in quiet
 Biggin, a building
 Bield, shelter
 Blastet, worthless
 Blather, the bladder
 Blink, a glance, an amorous
 leer, a short space of time
 Blype, a shred of cloth, &c.
 Boofst, behoved
 Brash, a sudden illness
 Brat, a worn shred of Cloth
 Brainge, to draw unsteadily

Braxie, a morkin sheep
 Brogue, an affront
 Breef, an invulnerable charm
 Breastet, sprung forward
 Burnewin, *q. d.* burn the wind,
 a Blacksmith.

C

CA', to call, to drive
 Caup, a small, wooden
 dish with two lugs, or handles
 Cape stane, cope stone
 Cairds, tinkers
 Cairn, a loose heap of stones
 C.uffie, fat-faced
 Collie, a general and some-
 times a particular name for
 country curs
 Cog, or Coggie, a small wood-
 en dish without handles
 Cootie, a pretty large wooden
 dish
 Crack, conversation, to con-
 verse
 Crank, a harsh, grating sound
 Crankous, fretting, peevish
 Croon, a hollow, continued
 moan
 Crowl, to creep
 Crouchie, crook-backed
 Cranreuch, the hoar frost
 Curpan, the crupper
 Cummock, a short staff

D

DAUD, the noise of one
 falling flat, a large piece
 of bread, &c.
 Daut, to caress, to fondle
 Daimen, now and then, seldom
 Daurk, a day's labour
 Deleeret, delirious

Dead-sweer, very loath, averse
 Dowie, crazy and dull
 Donse, unlucky, dangerous
 Doyle, stupified, hebetated
 Dow, am able
 Dought, was able
 Doyte, to go drunkenly or stu-
 pidly
 Drummock, meal and water
 mixed raw
 Drunt, pet, pettish humor
 Dush, to push as a bull, ram, &c.
 Duds, rags of clothes

E

EERIE, frightened; parti-
 cularly the dread of spi-
 rits
 Eldritch, fearful, horrid,
 ghastly
 Eild, old age
 Eydent, constant, busy

F

FA', fall, lot
 Fawfont, decent, orderly
 Faem, foam
 Fatt'rels, ribband ends, &c.
 Ferlie, a wonder, to wonder;
 also a term of contempt
 Fecht, to fight
 Fetch, to stop suddenly in the
 draught, and then come on
 too hastily
 Fier, sound, healthy
 Fittie lan', the near horse of
 the hindmost pair in the
 plough
 Flunkies, livery servants
 Fley, to frighten
 Fleesh, fleece
 Flisk, to fret at the yoke

Flichter, to flutter
 Forbears, ancestors
 Forby, besides
 Forjesket, jaded
 Fow, full, drunk; a bushel, &c.
 Freath, froath
 Fuff, to blow intermittedly
 Fyle, to dirty, to soil

G

GASH, wife, sagacious,
 talkative; to converse
 Gate, or gaet, way, manner,
 practice
 Gab, the mouth; to speak boldly
 Gawfie, jolly, large
 Geck, to toss the head in pride
 or wantonness
 Gizz, a wig
 Gilpey, a young girl
 Glaizie, smooth, glittering
 Glunch, a frown; to frown
 Glint, to peep
 Grushie, of thick, stout growth
 Gruntle, the visage; a grunt-
 ing noise
 Grousome, loathsome, grim

H

HAL, or hald, hold, bid-
 ing place
 Hash, a term of contempt
 Haverel, a quarter-wit
 Haur!, to drag, to peel
 Hain, to save, to spare
 Heugh, a crag, a coal-pit
 Hecht, to forebode
 Histie, dry, chapt, barren
 Howe, hollow
 Hoste or Hoast, to cough
 Howk, to dig
 Hodan, the motion of a sage

country farmer on an old
 cart horse
 Houghmagandie, a species of
 gender composed of the
 masculine and feminine u-
 nited
 Hoy, to urge incessantly
 Hoyte, a motion between a
 trot and a gallop
 Hogshouter, to juggle with
 the shoulder

I

ICKER, an ear of corn
 Ier-oe, a great grand child
 Ingine, genius
 Ill-willie, malicious, unkind

J

JAUK, to dally at work
 Jouk, to stoop
 Jocteleg, a kind of knife
 Jundie, to juggle

K

KAE, a daw
 Ket, a hairy, ragged
 fleece of wool
 Kiutle, to cuddle, to caress, to
 fondle
 Kiaugh, carking anxiety
 Kirfen, to christen

L

LAGGEN, the angle at
 the bottom of a wood-
 en dish
 Laithfu', bashful
 Leeze me, a term of congra-
 tulatory endearment

Leal, loyal, true
 Loot, did let
 Lowe, flame; to flame
 Lunt, smoke; to smoke
 Limmer, a woman of easy
 virtue
 Link, to trip along
 Lyart, grey
 Luggie, a small, wooden dish
 with one handle

M

MANTEELE, a mantle
 Melvie, to soil with
 meal
 Menſe, good breeding
 Mell, to meddle with
 Modewurk, a mole
 Moop, to nibble as a sheep
 Muſlin kail, broth made up
 ſimply of water, barley and
 greens

N

NOWTE, black cattle
 Nieve, the fiſt

O

OWRE, over
 Outler, lying in the
 fields, not houſed at night

P

PACK, intimate, familiar
 Pang, to cram
 Painch, the paunch
 Paugthy, proud, faucy
 Pattle or pettle, the plough-
 ſtaff
 Peghan, the crop of fowls, the
 ſtomach

Penny-wheep, ſmall beer
 Pine, pain, care
 Pirratch, or porritch, pottage
 Plifkie, trick
 Primſie, affectedly nice
 Prief, proof

QUAT, quit, did quit
 Quaikin, quaking

R

RAMFEEZL'D, over-
 ſpent
 Raep or rape, a rope
 Raucle, ſtout, clever
 Raible, to repeat by rote
 Ram-ſtam, thoughtleſs
 Raught, did reach
 Reeſtet, ſhrivelled
 Reeſt, to be reſtive
 Reck, to take heed
 Rede, counſel, to counſel
 Ripp, a handful of unthreſhed
 corn, &c.
 Rief, reaving
 Riſk, to make a noiſe like the
 breaking of ſmall roots with
 the plough
 Rowt, to bellow
 Roupet, hoarſe
 Runkle, a wrinkle
 Rockin, a meeting on a winter
 evening

S

SAIR, ſore
 Saunt, a ſaint
 Scrimp, ſcant; to ſtint
 Scriegh, to cry ſhrilly
 Scrieve, to run ſmoothly and
 ſwiftly
 Screed, to tear

Scawl, a Scold
 Sconner, to loath
 Sheen, bright
 Shaw, a little wood; to show
 Shaver, a humorous mischievous wag
 Skirl, a shrill cry
 Sklent, to slant, to fib
 Skiegh, mettlesome, fiery, proud
 Slype, to fall over like a wet furrow
 Smeddum, powder of any kind
 Smytrie, a numerous collection of small individuals
 Snick-drawing, trick-contriving
 Snash, abusive language
 Sowther, to cement, to folder
 Splore, a ramble
 Spunkie, fiery; will o' wisp
 Spairge, to spurt about like water or mire, to foil
 Sprittie, rushy
 Squatter, to flutter in water
 Staggie, diminutive of Stag
 Steeve, firm
 Stank, a pool of standing water
 Stroan, to pour out like a spout
 Stegh, to cram the belly
 Stibble-rig, the reaper who takes the lead
 Sten, to rear as a horse
 Swith, get away
 Syne, since, ago, then

T

TAPETLESS, unthinking
 Tawie, that handles quietly
 Tawted, or tawtet, matted together
 Taet, a small quantity

Tarrow, to murmur at one's allowance
 Thowless, slack, pithless
 Thack an' raep, all kinds of necessaries, particularly clothes
 Thowe, thaw
 Tirl, to knock gently, to uncover
 Toyte, to walk like old age
 Trashtrie, trash

W

WAUKET, thickened as fullers do cloth
 Water-kelpies, a sort of mischievous spirits that are said to haunt fords, &c.
 Water-brose, brose made simply of meal and water
 Wauble, to swing
 Wair, to lay out, to spend
 Whaizle, to wheez
 Whisk, to sweep
 Wintle, a wavering, swinging motion
 Wiel, a small whirlpool
 Winze, an oath
 Wonner, wonder, a term of contempt
 Wooer-bab, the garter knotted below the knee with a couple of loops and ends
 Wrack, to vex, to trouble

Y

YELL, dry, spoken of a cow
 Ye, is frequently used for the singular
 Young-guidman, a new married man

one's

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